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The Negro in Vietnam

KARL H. PURNELL

Today in Tel Aviv

STANLEY WOLPERT

Peace Corps Returnees

The New World They See

FRANCIS POLLOCK

TVA: THE HALO SLIPS

JOHN EGERTON

Myths of the Jew and Anti-Jew

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LETTERS

the cadets

DEAR SIRS: As a former faculty member at the Air Force Academy, I would like to take issue with "Why the Cadets Cheat" by J. Arthur Heise; *The Nation*, May 15.

First of all, it appeared to me to be a perfect example of a *post hoc ergo propter hoc* argument. There can obviously be no doubt that cheating did occur and there is also no doubt that Mr. Heise does state certain "facts" concerning educational procedures at the Academy. But at no time does he put these together in any meaningful cause-and-effect relationship. . . .

Mr. Heise takes Representative Talcott completely out of context to reinforce the disputable logic mentioned earlier. First of all, he neglects to mention Mr. Talcott's introductory statements. Let me quote one of them:

> By every accepted criteria, the Academy is accomplishing its mission superbly. To have achieved such high levels of attainment in such a short period is remarkable. Many can share the credit—the U. S. taxpayer, the Air Force, the Academy staff and its instructors, and the Cadet Wing.

The only statements which Mr. Talcott makes which are in any way similar to the charges brought by Mr. Heise are those which pertain to "Faculty Meetings" and "Excessive Emphasis on Symbols."

It is very interesting to me that Mr. Heise, who occupied a position in the Academy library, feels himself qualified to condemn an educational program which has not been found wanting by many who, on academic credentials, would appear to be far more qualified. . . .

It appears to me that Mr. Heise has simply not done his homework. I think he began with a conclusion and then found some "facts" which would prove his point. . . .

The greatest disservice which Mr. Heise has done to the Academy is to imply that the academic atmosphere is completely regimented. I taught for more than five years and at no time did anyone tell me how I had to conduct my classes. . . .

Ross C. Alm, Lt. Col., USAF, former associate professor of English and Speech, USAF Academy

Cheektowaga, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Colonel Alm merely identifies himself as a former Air Force Academy faculty member. I feel it important to note—in view of his epithet-laced charges—that he is presently assigned to the office of the Academy's chief of staff, to a job which, according to Academy sources, includes the public relations duty of writing speeches for the school's superintendent.

Colonel Alm charges that I took Representative Talcott out of context. In turn, he quotes one paragraph from the Congressman's dissenting views appended to the 1965 report of the Board of Visitors. It is the only totally complimentary paragraph on the Academy's overall successes and is followed by this, the next line: "Having given well deserved credit, I offer the following comment as constructive criticism." It continues for 5 pages, ranging over various Academy activities. After touching on faculty meetings (". . . as known in quality universities, are not utilized at the Academy"), symbols of success, heavy workloads, failure by the faculty to detect cheating, he said:

> Although the dean tendered statistics to dispel the misinformed charge of excessive academic pressures, I believe we should not dismiss the possibility completely and that the pervasive emphasis upon scores and other symbols, rather than upon substantive learning and the acquisition of knowledge, contributed to, or was symptomatic of, the cheating incident.

(Continued on page 20)

EDITORIALS

Wall of Words

The war of nerves has replaced the clash of arms as a means to alter the map of the Middle East. The choice of the General Assembly as the arena for this verbal confrontation, and the decision of Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin to lend solemnity and drama to the occasion by appearing in person have assured the maximum echo to this grand exercise in diplomatic pressure.

What can be achieved in the circumstances is another matter. The stage was set the very first day by the statements of Premier Kosygin and President Johnson (the latter addressed to the General Assembly even though spoken from Washington). The American proposals, later amplified by Ambassador Goldberg, were eminently "reasonable" and would indeed be constructive, if they could be taken out of the context of an essentially emotional conflict. But the Palestinian question is not now—and, in fact, has never been—a problem in arithmetic, where advantages and concessions can be balanced for the greatest benefit of all. It is a problem of two-way communication, and only if communication is established can concrete issues like borders, refugees, free navigation and economic development be tackled.

The American call for negotiations, with or without a third party, is as unrealistic at this stage as Israel's offer to negotiate separately with each of its Arab neighbors. Even if the necessary two-thirds majority could be mustered in the General Assembly for the U.S. resolution, which is not at present the case, it would not be heeded by the Arab countries, save perhaps Jordan, which has already executed two about-faces in less than a month and stands now in a state of territorial amputation and political jeopardy.

At the other end of the spectrum the Russians call for condemnation of Israel and unconditional withdrawal of its forces from conquered Arab territory. The motivation of the Soviet Government was obviously to regain in a diplomatic offensive the prestige it had lost with the Arab world when it warned President Nasser against reckless moves and concurred, in the Security Council, with the United States' call for an unconditional cease-fire. In the General Assembly, Premier Kosygin has courted support with two major themes. First, he raised the specter of a major war, of which any regional armed conflict can be the seed, and found there an opportunity to evoke the curse of the Vietnamese War (so have the French). Second, he depicted the actions of Israel as the latest attempt of colonialism and imperialism to counter the forces of national liberation and to pursue the economic oppression of the struggling Third World. Mr. Kosygin stopped short of associating himself, however, with Arab outcries about "American and British complicity in the aggression," and set the Soviet Union on

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 17, July 31, August 14 and August 28.

record as recognizing the existence of the state of Israel and its right to live.

The Soviet resolution is as incapable of obtaining the necessary two-thirds majority in the General Assembly as is the U.S. resolution. The USSR has no illusion on that account, although it can expect a much better showing in the General Assembly than in the Security Council. Again, a vote in the General Assembly asking for unconditional withdrawal of the Israeli forces to the 1956 armistice line would be no more heeded by Israel than would the U.S. resolution by the Arabs. This is a case where the two superpowers do not control for the moment the decisions of "client countries." In the present mood of Israel and the Arab nations, Washington cannot make the government of Premier Eshkol abandon territorial gains with nothing in return, and Moscow could not, even if it wished, force the UAR and Syria to talk with Israel.

This is written before the meeting between President Johnson and Premier Kosygin, but it is doubtful that they can engage in a meaningful discussion of the Middle East at this time. The most effective measure which could be taken by both governments would be an agreement to discontinue arms shipments to both sides. In the present climate, Moscow could not even hint at such a move without causing an even worse accusation of "sellout" from Arab capitals. Actually, the threat of massive arms shipments to the Arab countries is Moscow's trump card to force Israel into a military withdrawal. The Soviet Union is not likely to relinquish it, even if Israel shows nerves of steel. Probably even the unpublicized part of the Kosygin-Johnson meeting will deal only in generalities, each side wanting to show that its policy of coexistence has not been shattered by the Middle East crisis or even the Vietnamese War.

As for the General Assembly, after an outpouring of grievances, it will have to content itself, most probably, with humanitarian assistance to the refugees and such procedural devices as sending a UN representative to the area or strengthening the observers' corps of General Odd Bull. A call to Israel for a conditional withdrawal from recently conquered territory might be issued by the Assembly, but vague assurances given to Israel in compensation might hardly make it worth while for the Israeli Government. In this case, the pressure would continue on and on, in the Assembly, in the Security Council, for Israel to withdraw. A long and hot summer is ahead.

Political progress on the Palestine question (much less a settlement of it) cannot be expected in the foreseeable future. If the war has eased some immediate problems

IN THIS ISSUE

July 3, 1967

EDITORIALS

2

ARTICLES

7 Today in Tel Aviv — *Stanley Wolpert*
8 The Negro in Vietnam — *Karl H. Purnell*
11 TVA: The Halo Slips — *John Egerton*
15 Peace Corps Returnees: The New World They See — *Francis Pollock*
18 Sewing Machines & Union Machines — *Herbert Hill*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

21 The Holocaust: Myths and Facts — *Louis Harap*
22 New York Times Weather Map (poem) — *Allan Kaplan*
23 The Wondering Jew — *Leonard Kriegel*
24 Adding Up the Double — *Jay Martin*
24 Field Cricket (poem) — *Raymond Roseliep*
26 *Nation* Book Marks
27 Art — *Max Kozloff*
29 Theatre in Europe II — *Harold Clurman*
30 Message to Michael (poem) — *Paul Blackburn*
31 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

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for Israel, it did not solve the basic ones and undoubtedly created new ones as well. A marriage of convenience is not in the offing. Perhaps Israel could shorten the period of uneasy waiting by showing generosity and understanding on the refugee problem. It could practice enlightened self-interest by announcing its willingness to return to the original UN partition plan, which provided for an Arab state of Palestine between Israel and Jordan and a special status for Jerusalem and its holy places.

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

The Chinese H-Bomb

The event of the week that began on June 18 was not the opening of the debate in the UN on the Middle East crisis. That was important, but predictable: an astute commentator could have written the speeches before they were delivered. Nor was what was said of long-term significance—that will come later. The big event, not only of the week but of the year, was China's explosion of a hydrogen bomb.

Historically, China has come full circle. Until somewhere around the 15th century, it was a leading nation in terms of the then current science and technology. Thereafter it was eclipsed by small European countries like England and Holland, followed by the United States, which still holds the lead. The possession of the hydrogen weapon does not give China equality with the West but it does give it a place among the elite of nations by the one commonly accepted measure—destructive power in its most concentrated form.

The speed of the achievement is remarkable. China detonated its first atomic or fission bomb on October 16, 1964. In less than three years, it has gone from A to H. France, which is no mean scientific and industrial power, set off its first A-bomb test in 1960 and has yet to detonate an H-bomb. One of America's leading scientists, himself closely identified with the U.S. nuclear development, regards the Chinese achievement as "an intelligent, uninterrupted flow of effort and energy."

The usual fatuous effort will be made to explain the Chinese success on the basis of earlier U.S. work in the field. A few of the Chinese scientist-engineers have worked at American universities, but what they learned there was in open literature and available to every student and instructor. Moreover, the experience of every member of the nuclear club shows that success depends not on a few scientists and engineers of genius but on inspired leadership coupled with a broadly based engineering community and the ability to translate scientific insight into industrial reality. The explosion of the Chinese fusion bomb marks the emergence of Asia into the modern world of science and technology—by its own efforts.

The first American hydrogen explosion was that of an experimental model which was too large and heavy to be transported. A bomb was developed later. Rep. Craig Hosmer, a member of the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, reported on June 19 that China had tested an actual weapon, which could be reproduced in quantity and presumably improved in yield relative to weight. From a military and diplomatic standpoint, this is important. China and the United States confront each other in Vietnam. If the United States should invade North Vietnam, or that country should be on the verge of collapse, China would probably counter with land forces of its own. The United States would then have the option of nuclear retaliation, both tactically on the battlefield and against the Chinese nuclear plants. But if China has available even short-range means of delivery of its nuclear devices, it might not be as vulnerable to U.S. nuclear attack as some of our strategists have assumed.

By the end of 1968, perhaps sooner, China may possess some fifty medium-range (up to 1,000 miles) missiles with nuclear payloads for use against Russian targets. Chinese hydrogen bombs pose something of a threat even to the U.S. mainland. The one used in the most recent test was said to have a yield of about 3 megatons. Anything in the megaton range poses a threat of unknown magnitude in destruction of life and property. Some U.S. experts believe it might be feasible to explode such devices at distances of the order of 100 miles off the U.S. West Coast, and to rely on sea waves and fallout for destructive effects against cities. If deterrence deters, the Chinese possess, or soon will possess, means of deterrence which must be taken into account by their opponents. In a nuclear sense, China is no longer a sitting duck.

The Chinese have once more solemnly declared that at no time and in no circumstances will China be the first to use nuclear weapons. Our hawks will credit such declarations as little as they assume similar assurances by us would weigh in a future nuclear confrontation, but the fact remains that the Chinese have said it repeatedly, and we have not said it even once. That the Chinese attitude is defensive seems plausible enough. It is hard to see how an aggressive nuclear policy would be in their interest. In February, 1965, Dr. Allen S. Whiting, then director of the Office of Research and Analysis for the Far East in the Department of State, said in an address at the University of Michigan that the Chinese "do not want to expand their territory, they want to expand their influence. And this ultimate goal, of expanding their political power, acts as a restraint on their use of military might."

Our own militarists will no doubt use the Chinese thermonuclear capability as an argument for a U.S. anti-missile-missile system, cost what it may. But to political analysts the event may be more reassuring than disquieting. Whiting is probably on sound ground in his evaluation of Chinese objectives. If so, their hydrogen bomb is not a threat to world peace. The threat lies rather in our much greater nuclear arsenal, and in our determination to maintain a military position on the Chinese borders.

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Call It Up!

More than a year ago, the United States succeeded in placing on the UN Security Council agenda a draft resolution on Vietnam. It envisioned "immediate discussions without preconditions" to arrange a conference for the application of the Geneva accords of 1954 and 1962. The first order of business of the conference was to be a cessation of hostilities under effective supervision—presumably that of the UN.

That was all. The resolution is still on the agenda, but the United States has never pressed for a debate or a vote. The resolution is a sleeper amid the forgotten peace feelers and the unforgotten escalations of the Vietnamese tragedy. Ambassador Goldberg could call it up for discussion at any time, and the call for discussion would not be subject to veto.

A man who remembers this particular "stillborn initiative" is Sen. Mike Mansfield. He is one of the handful of Senators whose acquaintance with the Vietnamese problem is based on intense concern and first-hand investigation. He has toured the theatre of war five times and made his share of mistakes. At one time he subscribed to the domino theory, and he was a persistent admirer of President Ngo Dinh Diem. He has not attacked the Johnson Administration's Vietnamese policy as Senators Gruening and Morse, for instance, have done, but for the past four years he has voiced misgivings at each escalation and made no secret of his view that the bombing of the North has been a military failure. Now he urges on the Administration a revival of the initiative in the Security Council which was not pursued at the time of its introduction.

The perils of bringing it back to life are obvious but hardly calculated to frighten the President, his phlegmatic Secretary of State, or Ambassador Goldberg, whose assurance in debate is equaled by few and excelled by none. Harsh words would fly but, as Mr. Mansfield says, escalation of words is not to be feared. And barring some such solution as the one he proposes, all that can be expected is more bloodshed and more frustration. Asserting that it is a closely guarded secret, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak reveal that General Westmoreland wants additional troop strength of nearly 140,000, to raise the total under his command above 600,000. Premier Ky, in between electioneering trips in his campaign for the Presidency, has graciously seconded General Westmoreland's request. Thus, when Secretary McNamara arrives in Vietnam to see how the war is going, he will not need to do much figuring; and he can be sure, on the basis of past experience, that the new plateau will not be the last.

Senator Mansfield's proposal, if acted upon, might end what otherwise seems endless. Richard Dudman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* suggests that Hanoi, Peking and the National Liberation Front could be invited to such a conference, as Peking was invited to the Korean War debate in 1950. Another precedent involves the Jewish Agency for Palestine, which took part in the 1948 debate on the Middle East. The NLF has certainly earned the right to representation at a regional conference, not only by its status as a *de facto* belligerent but because no settlement is conceivable without it. Premier Ky would object, but as one American officer in Vietnam is quoted as saying: "We've been trying the get-along-at-all-costs system for a long time. You would think that it would occur to someone to try something else for a while." Senator Mansfield's seems the best formula at the moment.

In any case, having succeeded in placing the resolution on the agenda of the Security Council, do we dare let the impression prevail that we are afraid to call it up for discussion?

Advice to Congressmen

One way or another, every Congressman will have to consider the issue of Vietnam in the 1968 election. The hawks, the Birchites, the automatic conformists, and the superpatriots will want to be told why the war is not being pushed more aggressively. On the other hand, any number of peace organizations will be seeking interviews with their Congressmen on this same issue. It is the irrepressible issue, and by 1968 all the platitudes will have been worn threadbare.

Why, then, wait for the angry delegations to appear for the discussions that may leave the problem more confused than before? The wise Congressman will anticipate what is to come and organize his own meeting. It will provide clarification and serve to define his own position —at least he will not be in danger of defeat through misunderstanding. There is firm precedent for such a procedure. In July, 1965, Rep. Robert Kastenmeier, out of a deep conviction that the dialogue on Vietnam should be kept open, announced that he was going to hold a public hearing on the question in his Wisconsin district. He did, he is still a member of the House, and few are more useful in its deliberations.

The format for a meeting on Vietnam is simple. The essential thing is that all representative views shall be heard. In his successful experiment, Mr. Kastenmeier laid down a few ground rules: hear the experts first, then the spokesmen for organizations, then individuals. This sequence prepares the audience for a creative listening role and saves time. Without being denied an opportunity to be heard, individuals may conclude that their views have already been adequately aired. If not, they will be given their chance, but to insure a degree of seriousness in connection with the presentations, Mr. Kastenmeier required each speaker to fill out and file in advance a form of identification.

The hearings continued for two days in Madison and received general approbation. *The New York Times* and Columbia Broadcasting System were among those that sent reporters. Subsequently, Mr. Kastenmeier published, at his own expense, a book, *Vietnam Hearings: Voices*

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From the Grass Roots, that sold through several editions and was later reissued by Doubleday.

There are variants of the idea, like the meeting held at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City by the New York State Americans for Democratic Action on June 10. Three Representatives from the area, all eminently worth attention, spoke at the hearing: Benjamin S. Rosenthal (Queens), William F. Ryan (Manhattan), and Lester L. Wolff (Nassau), together with seven distinguished panelists. There was only one weakness in this admirable attempt to carry forward a genuine dialogue between the people and their Representatives on foreign policy: it was completely ignored by the press. However constituted, such meetings can serve only to enlighten the voters and make next year's election more meaningful. And if there were more such hearings, the press might pay closer attention to them.

Instant Politics

Half of the Big Ten student bodies—generally among the most conservative—this year elected New Left candidates as student body presidents. But there has been no evidence that the political pulse is beating faster on these campuses; on the contrary, student interest in civil rights, peace and related issues is less intense, by all reports, than it was last year. Political "activism," now as yesterday, attracts only a minority of students—15 per cent at Stanford and the University of California as shown by one recent study. The new mood reflects not a quickening interest in politics as politics but an impatience with things-as-they-are, a generalized resentment against being treated, as it is often expressed, as "IBM cards" in impersonal knowledge factories.

Surveys have shown that this feeling is nearly twice as prevalent among students at the large state universities as it is in smaller colleges, public or private. Even at Oklahoma State, where Stetsons and boots are more common than beards, the students are on a rampage against remote, unresponsive administrative practices. Frustrated in their attempts to get the regular campus parties and political types to "do something"—that is, to change overnight educational theories and administrative practices that have long prevailed in the Big Ten universities—students at Northwestern, Michigan, Michigan State, Wisconsin, Indiana University and Iowa State, have voted in New Left candidates as student body presidents. The same thing happened at Stanford last year when David Harris, a bearded New Leftist who modestly estimated his real adherents at 200, was swept into office in a surge of protest (see "The Rebel President," *The Nation*, May 16, 1966).

But protests of this sort, which stem from frustration, too often result in further frustration. David Harris, for example, resigned at Stanford because he felt, and quite correctly, that he did not represent student body opinion and could not, therefore, provide effective leadership. One of the Big Ten New Leftist student body presidents resigned for the same reason. The trouble traces back to the traditional American impatience with long-term political planning. It is not this generation's fault that it shares the national folk belief in politics as a form of reflex action—an endless rotation of "ins" and "outs"—but it is not too early for students, and the rest of us, to realize that, now more than ever, "instant politics" is a mirage. Today's political problems demand a degree of planning, preparation and organization, a degree of effort and commitment and patience, that we have not brought to politics for a long time—which is another way of saying that, on and off the campus, events are bringing us back to such political fundamentals as power and purpose.

The Emergence of Conyers

In politics there is no substitute for the right man in the right place. Rep. John Conyers, Jr., of Michigan fulfills both requirements perfectly in the one-man, one-vote situation. Some time back, the House was in the process of slipping through a bill, H.R. 2508, which would have undermined the Supreme Court's decision by allowing Congressional districts to deviate as much as 35 per cent from the proper ratio. In 1972, the variation would have been scaled down to 10 per cent, but in 1968 and 1970, one-man, one-vote would have lost almost all meaning. The bill would also have permitted considerable gerrymandering of districts.

This bit of sabotage was reported out of committee without hearings, and appeared to have clear sailing ahead, when Representative Conyers, who is a Negro, objected and said he wanted to file a minority report. He was given twelve hours to do so. Under a rule to allow no amendments, he lost, 289 to 63, in the House. Since 279 districts in twenty-two states are in noncompliance with the Supreme Court's decision, the matter is of no small importance. H.R. 2508 would have permitted a portion of a Negro district to be combined with a white suburb, with the effect of cutting down Negro voting power. That was one of Conyers' objections.

Overridden in the House, he took his fight to the Senate, where his stand aroused the interest of Sen. Edward Kennedy, who called on his brother Robert for help, with the result that a better bill was passed in the Senate. The matter now goes to a conference session, with the Senate conferees coupling Edward Kennedy with the old standbys, Eastland, Ervin, McClellan, Hruska and Dirksen. The House conferees are on a higher level—Celler of New York, Herbert Tenzer of New York, William M. McCulloch of Ohio, Clark MacGregor of Minnesota—and Conyers. Later Celler added Byron Rogers of Colorado and Charles Mathias of Maryland. Under these auspices, the propects for a halfway decent bill are not bad.

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There are now six Negroes in Congress—without Adam Clayton Powell, only five. Conyers would like to see something like forty Negroes in the House after the 1968 election. Whether or not that far more salutary ratio can be achieved depends to a large extent on the outcome of the impending conference. Reform Democrats in the House should give Conyers active assistance. Had it not been for him, H.R. 2508 might have had easy sailing.

Langston Hughes

Langston Hughes loved literature. He loved it not fearfully, not with awe. His respect for it was never stiff nor cold. His respect for it was gaily deferential. He considered literature not his private inch, but great acreage. The plantings of others he not only welcomed but busily enriched.

He had an affectionate interest in the young. He was intent, he was careful. The young manuscript-bearing applicant never felt himself an intruder, never went away with Oak turned ashes in the hand.

Mightily did he use the street. He found its multiple heart, its tastes, smells, alarms, formulas, flowers, garbage and convulsions. He brought them all to his table-top. He crushed them to a writing-paste. The pen that was himself went in. . . .

GWENDOLYN BROOKS

TODAY IN TEL AVIV

STANLEY WOLPERT

Mr. Wolpert, professor of history at the University of California, is the author of Nine Hours to Rama (*Random House*).

Tel Aviv

Israel has won the war, but there is little jubilation in Tel Aviv today as all eyes focus intently upon the more difficult battle for peace that lies ahead. Israeli's pride in the dramatic force, the amazing swiftness with which it destroyed the Arab ring of steel, bursting the bubble of Nasser's threat of "obliteration," is muted by two sobering considerations. The more immediate curb on celebration here is the price in human life paid for this national breathing spell. In so small a nation, so intimately integrated, few families could feel themselves remote from the front, or escape the tragedy of battle. In longer range, the Israelis perfectly understand that the other side of the victory coin they have stamped out in Sinai is the bitter humiliation of Nasser. Whatever may be said here concerning Nasser's military skill, no one underestimates his pride. Born itself from the ashes of Hitler's holocaust, Israel is not unconscious of the revivifying potential of humiliation and defeat. Naturally, every Israeli hopes that Nasser and his allies are capable of learning a lesson from the disaster that struck them in June, but some fear that the utter humiliation may only fan fresh flames of Arab hatred. Israel has not been lulled by victory into a mood of deceptive self-confidence.

The crucial problem confronting Israel at present is how to secure national integrity without future fighting. It hopes to retain strategic outposts captured in Jordan and Syria, as well as the Old City of Jerusalem, but fears that its startling display of military strength will in itself undermine world support for the claim that such positions are essential to its continued existence. No one speaks of attempting to remain permanently in Sinai or in the vast bulk of land taken from Jordan. Any such occupation would overextend Israel's army and place an impossible burden upon its economy. Israelis have no desire to repeat the errors of Western Europe's 19th-century imperial expansionism. Even if they had the resources, they express no wish to maintain martial rule over the more than 1 million Arabs living in the borderland regions their armies have overrun. What they do want is unequivocal recognition by each of their neighboring states, full and open acceptance of their national status in consonance with its reality. They insist, moreover, that international force assure them that no life line as vital to Israel's survival as the Strait of Tiran be arbitrarily closed to them again.

Modest as these demands may seem after the spectacular victory, the Israelis recognize that neither goal will be easy to win. They fear that in the world debate oil interests and Afro-Asian votes will seek to deprive them of the advantage they have won in battle. Their anxiety today stems from recognition that in

Abu (London): Ben Roth

"The UN Is Weak and Ineffectual"

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the world's council chambers they remain virtually alone.

Israelis are convinced that, until peace treaties are signed, Egypt and Syria will continue to divert their impoverished populations from the complex problems of internal development by raising the cry of "liberation for Palestine." Diplomatic recognition would relieve the claustrophobic feeling of isolation and apprehension, and Israel is ready now to establish contacts at every level of diplomatic, economic and cultural activity with all of its Arab neighbors. People with whom I have spoken are convinced that once such relations are launched the walls of hatred, mistrust and fear will begin slowly to crumble, and through them will pass roads of cooperation and mutual respect, if not friendship.

These recent weeks have taught Israel many things, not only about itself but about its place in the eyes of the world. U Thant's capitulation of May 19 to Nasser's demand just one day earlier that UN troops be withdrawn from the borders cannot be understood by Israelis in any terms other than betrayal. The hypothesis that U Thant surrendered in order subsequently to strengthen his bargaining position in Cairo is even less acceptable to the Israelis than it had been to Americans. Given the personality and professed goals of Egypt's ruler, Israelis ask how any rational mind could have failed to realize that Nasser would be emboldened to increasingly aggressive action. Despite the green light from U Thant, however, few Israelis can believe that Nasser would have been capable of so supreme a level of self-deception as to think that he could beat Israel if he had not counted on firm support from Russia. Pan-Arab unity was forged with Russian support and, though it desperately appealed to the United States, Britain and France, Israel found itself alone.

The transformation of Near Eastern power has given Israelis the confidence to think in terms that were hitherto impossible. Some speak, for example, of creating a "Palestine Nation" out of the borderland regions of Gaza and those conquered from Jordan. Until now, the "refugee" problem could never have been openly discussed here as a nationalist movement of Palestinian people. It may still be impossible to gain support from any of the governments involved for the creation of a state of Palestine next to the state of Israel, yet this may ultimately prove to be the only way in which the "refugees" used for the past nineteen years by Egypt, Jordan and Syria as saboteurs against Israel, can be persuaded to settle down to peaceful pursuits. With a homeland of their own, Palestine Arabs could regain their pride, and though Israel could not be expected to return any of the land it claims, it might be willing to pay compensation, or at least to help its neighbor in the early years. Whether Eshkol, Nasser, Hussein, or leaders of the Palestine Liberation Organization itself would seriously consider such a scheme remains to be seen. The significance of its unofficial articulation here is the evidence it shows of Israel's intellectual flexibility and creative endeavor now to force a truly permanent peaceful settlement.

Whatever solution is reached among the nations of this troubled region, Israel knows that at least its immediate workability must depend upon the joint efforts of the great powers. Russia's break of diplomatic relations is recognized here as a sop to Nasser, and Israelis hope that the pragmatism of Russia's long-range international policy will prevail over present-day Arab partisanship.

Naturally, Israel looks to the United States for strong diplomatic support. The general disappointment felt here at our failure to take a firm stand on the crisis caused by the closing of the Strait of Tiran is tempered by Israel's faith in our often reiterated commitment to its national survival. The great wave of popular sympathy for Israel's plight that rolled across America has also been a source of hope, and helped counterbalance Washington's official position of cool neutrality. Yet Israel will not soon forget that when the chips were down and the wheel of Near Eastern destiny began its perilous spin toward war, the United States of America left it to stand alone.

THE NEGRO IN VIETNAM

KARL H. PURNELL

Mr. Purnell is a former member of the Pennsylvania legislature and publisher of The Union County Journal *of Lewisburg, Pa.*

Saigon

This year, 15,000 Negro GIs, after a twelve-month tour of duty in Vietnam, will return to the ghettos of New York and Chicago, the backwoods of Tennessee and the small towns of Alabama. As members of the armed forces, many of these soldiers are being given their first taste of integration into a white man's world. Admittedly, it is not total integration. Nevertheless, it is usually better than what many American Negroes have experienced before, and the soldiers serving in Vietnam are finding this partial equality agreeable.

Consequently, the prospect of returning to a society where no commanding officer will enforce the rules of fair treatment is stirring a fierce if well-concealed resentment among Vietnam's Negro soldiers. The extraordinary irony of fighting for the freedom of an Asian country they had never heard of, while being denied freedom at home, is certain to add new and explosive fuel to the current revolution of American Negroes who are rejecting the principles of nonviolence.

After two months of talking with Negro troops in Vietnam, I am convinced that a new breed of impatient young men is going home, ready to provide shock troops for the civil rights movement. Moderates such as Martin Luther King and Whitney Young will find them hard to control; they are much more likely to hear the appeal

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of such militant dissenters as Stokely Carmichael or the late Malcolm X.

It would be hard to conceive of any experience which could cause as major a shift in the attitudes of young American Negroes as has been accomplished by sending almost a third of them to Vietnam. For the past decade, the disciples of segregation have promised that only by "getting them educated" could the freedoms promised by the United States Constitution ever be made available to the colored race. Vietnam is providing this education in a more decisive and dramatic fashion than a hundred integrated "Ole Miss" universities could ever do. In the jungles and rice fields, thousands of young men are learning what it means to fight and die for the name of freedom. It is a lesson which will not be easily forgotten.

Several national magazines, countless newspapers, and at least one major television network have presented an image of the returning Negro as well satisfied with military integration and only mildly disturbed by the prejudice he must face at home. The armed services are described as models of integration where every man is equal. Negro soldiers are quoted on their disenchantment with civil rights leaders who oppose the war.

To understand how this misleading picture is conveyed, one must appreciate how news is gathered in Vietnam, as well as the pressures which exist on a Negro soldier. Most reporters working for the big news organizations are a harried lot. Constant requests for stories cross their desks, and in the same week they may have to cover a Marine patrol on the North Vietnamese border and interview Jayne Mansfield on her reactions to a visit with the troops.

With a few exceptions, such as *The Washington Post*'s Negro writer, Jesse Lewis, reporters assigned to a story on Negro reaction have lined up as many "quickie interviews" as possible in two or three days. One national magazine sent a reporter to a military air terminal where dozens of GIs were waiting for a hop. There he could interview ten or fifteen Negroes in an afternoon, date lining the story from the soldier's base somewhere in Vietnam. Naturally, no Negro or white soldier reveals his thoughts on such a sensitive question to a reporter on the run. The answers have been as routine as the questions:

REPORTER: How do you feel about equality in the Army?

ANSWER: We're all soldiers here. Color is a forgotten issue.

REPORTER: What about Martin Luther King?

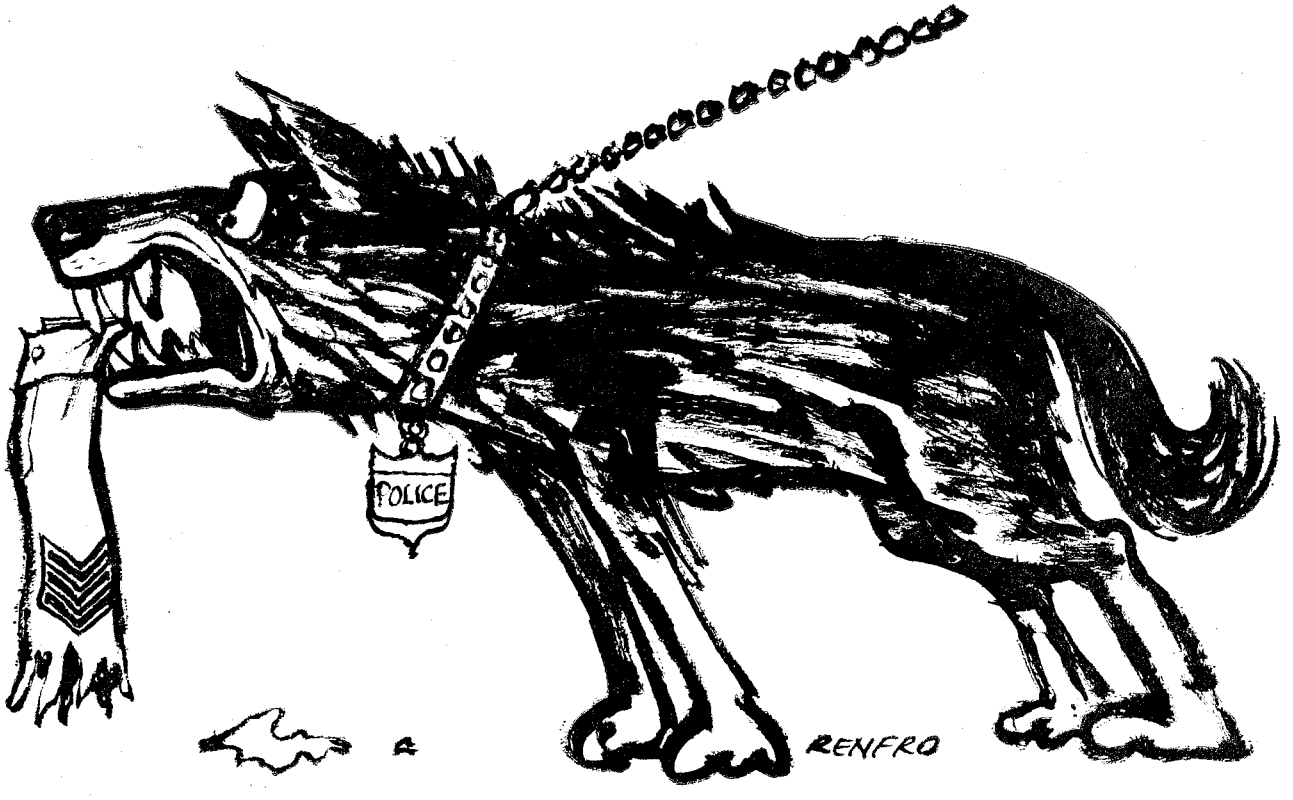
ANSWER: He's lost his cool, man. What does he know about Vietnam?

In the case of television, the answers are even more predictable. Imagine a young Negro captain in line for a promotion being asked whether he thinks the high ratio of Negroes killed in the war is a result of discrimination: "No sir, they volunteer because they realize the importance of fighting communism." It comes out like a message from a computer.

One afternoon, I returned to Saigon from Danang on a plane with a Negro officer. During the trip, I asked him how he felt about Negroes fighting for freedom in Vietnam when they didn't have it at home. His answers were testy and carefully phrased.

"This Martin Luther King is just too high up. Trouble with that fellow is that he can't go back to his own church. That's why he got involved in this Vietnam business."

I pressed him on the question of freedom at home. "Listen my friend, when the American people are ready



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to give us more freedom, they'll do it. No use causing a fuss and making them angry," he said.

That night, I entered the conversation in my notes under the heading of "Uncle Tom." But several weeks later I met the same officer again, under different circumstances. I had invited him to sit at my table in a crowded, fashionable Saigon restaurant. When the subject of Negroes fighting in Vietnam came up, after several hours of conversation, it was an entirely different story from the "Uncle Tom" version I had heard earlier.

"You white reporters can't just pop a question like that and get an honest answer. We've been warned about making statements to the press. We're not about to lose a promotion so you can get a story."

The officer then went on to describe the burning resentment felt by Negro soldiers who are treated as equals in the foxholes of Vietnam, but shunted aside during off-duty hours. He described in bitter detail the countless conversations he had held with Negro GIs who were angry at the prospect of going back to a segregated world after putting their lives on the line in Vietnam. "It's a personal subject and not many Negroes are going on television with that side of the story."

The failure to portray the nature of integration in the armed forces has, in fact, led to widespread misunderstanding. While patrolling with a company of Marines near the North Vietnamese border recently, I talked to a white corporal who was deeply depressed by the recent death of a Negro soldier with whom he had marched and fought for three months. "We were really tight. He was the best friend I had," the Marine said. Such close friendships between white and colored soldiers are frequent under combat conditions, but in the big base camps or off duty, the old prejudices return. One Negro Air Force lieutenant described how a latrine wall at the Tan San Nhut air base outside Saigon was scrawled with ugly slogans such as "Kill niggers not VC" twenty-four hours after it had been painted. This officer was also angry at the prejudice which was never openly expressed, but which he found invariably present among his white colleagues. "They can't say anything, but you always know the feeling is there."

Negroes comprise only 3.6 per cent of the officer corps in the Army and even less in the other services. Although General Westmoreland has attempted to eradicate any evidence of prejudice within his entourage by placing nineteen Negro officers on his command staff, the fact is that career opportunities for a Negro in the service are limited.

"There are plenty of ways to keep you back," said one captain of the 173rd Airborne which he claimed was composed almost 50 per cent of Negro troops. "For one thing, getting a combat command is almost impossible. They get you working on pacification or some desk job where the promotions don't come so quickly." This view is supported by the fact that only two of the 380 combat battalion commands in the war are held by Negroes, despite the fact that Negroes account for 22.4 per cent of combat deaths.

Perhaps the most telling evidence of how segregation works is the row of bars and night clubs along dusty, dirty Trinh Minh The Street located across the river from central Saigon. This "Kanh Hoi" area is patronized exclusively by Negro troops who go there rather than to the cleaner downtown Tu Do Street where the clients are white.

Husky, Green Beret Sergeant William Barksdale, 26, of Baltimore, Md., explained why he preferred going to Kanh Hoi. "When I get in from the field, I just want to be at ease. If I go to Tu Do, the white guys start staring and the girls stay clear of me, so I just stay away from the place."

In fact, what particularly enraged one Kanh Hoi habitué was the fact that the brown-skinned Vietnamese girls on Tu Do referred to themselves as white and displayed contempt for colored GIs—an attitude they had quickly picked up from their white clients. As one Negro private who had spent six months in a line outfit said: "Its okay when you're fighting VC, but when you have to go your own way for a beer or to find a girl, you realize that Chuck [slang for white soldiers] isn't your buddy after all."

Despite the lack of meaningful integration in the armed forces, most Negroes agree that they get better treatment in the military service than at home. Consequently, 45.7 per cent of Negroes re-enlist for another tour, in contrast to only 17 per cent of white troops. This preference for a military world, often under combat conditions, to the ordeals of a segregated life in the United States is a measure of the paltry advances made thus far by the civil rights movement.

However, it is among those who determine to go home that the harshest resentment is expressed. This bitter undercurrent can be heard almost nightly at the popular clubs in the Kanh Hoi section, where the music and food recall the hang-outs many Negroes patronize at home. Here, after a few beers in the company of fellow Negroes, the GIs discuss the issue which is more important to them than the Vietnamese War. Dissenters like Stokely Carmichael or Cassius Clay, who take such a verbal beating before the television cameras, are seen as heroes for their courage in fighting the white establishment.

A Negro sergeant who frequents several of these off-duty clubs said the conversation he picks up would be thought by most Americans to be the views of militant extremists, rather than those of the average, passive Negro GI portrayed through the news media. "They may be mad at Clay and Carmichael for opposing the war, but on the big issue they realize these fellows are on their side."

The big issue, of course, is how the returning Negro veteran can find equality where it does not yet exist.

"I'm just waiting for the first guy that tries to kick me out of his restaurant," said one tall Negro private who was due to end his service in two months.

Having been taught that it is possible to fight and even die for the cause of freedom, these veterans are coming home determined to receive fair and equal treatment. The tragedy is that an unconcerned and uninformed public will be taken by surprise if they resort to the violence they learned in Vietnam.

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TVA: THE HALO SLIPS

JOHN EGERTON
Mr. Egerton is a staff writer for Southern Education Reports.

Nashville

For thirty-three years the Tennessee Valley Authority pursued its objectives — electric power, navigation and flood control—with an efficiency and success which have made it an international symbol of American social planning at its best. Now it has turned its attention to economic development, water and air pollution and recreation, and already there are indications that the new look is less attractive and more disturbing than the old.

One example of resistance to what *Business Week* calls TVA's "second spring" can be found in the Land Between the Lakes National Recreation Area, a 200,000-acre project being developed on a wooded isthmus between two man-made lakes in western Kentucky and Tennessee. For almost four years, TVA has been locked in a bitter dispute with landowners in the area, a dispute which has raised legal and constitutional questions that could present the agency with the most prickly problems it has ever handled.

The Land Between the Lakes is set apart from the surrounding countryside by Kentucky Lake (on the Tennessee River), Barkley Lake (on the Cumberland River), and a canal which connects the two at the north. The area is remote and sparsely populated, and about half of it is already owned by federal agencies, including the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which has a 65,000-acre refuge there. TVA intends to buy up the land, all 200,000 acres, for what it calls "a national demonstration to show how all available resources of a large area can be developed to serve a wide range of public recreation and conservation education programs."

But some of the landowners have refused to sell. They took their case first to the Federal District Court at Paducah, Ky., and being defeated there, appealed it to the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati. They are asking whether TVA has legal jurisdiction outside the Tennessee Valley (half the Land Between the Lakes project lies in the Cumberland River watershed), and whether it has authority to exercise the power of eminent domain *anywhere* solely for the purpose of recreation.

The Land Between the Lakes project is only one of TVA's current headaches. The agency's recent projects and procedures have aroused a variety of protests:

¶Conservationists in Tennessee and North Carolina have accused TVA of building dams solely for the purposes of industrial development and recreation. They contend that in doing so, TVA is spreading pollution, eliminating the area's few remaining wild rivers and trout streams, and joining commercial interests in real estate ventures for big profits.

¶TVA's practice of making payments in lieu of taxes to counties whose tax base is diminishing by inundation of lands has been attacked by many of the counties as inadequate and deceptive.

¶TVA developments on the Beech and Elk Rivers in Tennessee involve agency purchase of land surrounding the reservoirs. This land is then sold to a local development authority, and TVA uses the profit to repay a share of the public's cost of the project. Grady Clay, writing in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* last year, said the money TVA receives as profit "would have gone directly to private owners of waterfront land under the system normally followed." The fact that those private owners now must surrender their land for eventual benefit of speculators has caused no little consternation.

¶TVA now produces three-fourths of its electric power with coal. It is the nation's biggest coal consumer, and most of the coal it has bought in the past decade has been strip mined. The Peabody Coal Company and lesser giants of the industry have literally turned the earth upside down in the counties surrounding TVA's Paradise, Ky., power plant. Spoil heaps rise as high as 200 feet into the air, streams are polluted and vegetation is smothered, but TVA's objective—cheap coal—is achieved. Not until Kentucky strengthened its strip-mine laws and filed suit against the Peabody Company did TVA begin to show concern for conservation measures, and reports persist that neither TVA nor the coal companies are practicing the reforms they have pledged.

The irony in these examples is clear. Created in large part on the basic principle of relieving human misery, TVA has, with disturbing frequency, seemed to be adding to the problems of the people in its area of operation. As it has grown in power and influence, and as its projects in navigation, electric power and flood control have neared completion in the Tennessee Valley, the agency has begun to appear callous at home and covetous of fertile new fields to plow outside the valley.

It would be hard to quarrel with TVA's past successes in power generation, flood control and navigation—though plenty of people, including Barry Goldwater and the country's private power interests, have tried. Since May 18, 1933, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the TVA Act and gave Sen. George Norris of Nebraska a final victory in his twelve-year fight with Congressional opponents of the measure, TVA has piled one impressive accomplishment on top of another. It now has thirty-two dams on the Tennessee River and its tributaries; it has turned the river's mainstream into an unbroken stairway of navigation lakes, and freight traffic along the 650-mile route from Knoxville to Paducah now totals more than 2 billion ton-miles a year—sixty-six times as much as in 1933.

Flood damage avoided through TVA controls is estimated at close to half a billion dollars. Electricity generated by the agency's power plants exceeds 75 billion kilowatt-hours a year, and almost 2 million customers in seven states now purchase that electricity for less than 1c a kilowatt-hour—only one-fifth as much as it cost thirty-three years ago and still less than half the national average.

Yet in spite of all this, TVA remains a controversial agency, and its handling of the Land Between the Lakes project underlines at least some of the reasons for its present notoriety. TVA seems to be winning its long fight

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with the residents there, but the battle could drag on for another year or more and end up in an embarrassing loss for the agency before the courts. If that happens, the only real winners in the costly and unnecessary dispute will be some not so innocent bystanders, including land-development speculators from outside the region and conservative critics of TVA who for more than thirty years have sought a weapon with which to fell the agency.

The first official proposal for development of the land between Kentucky and Barkley Lakes was made in 1962 by the National Park Service, and that proposal specified that not all the privately held land in the area would be needed. Then, in June of 1963, President John F. Kennedy signed an Executive order instructing TVA to develop a national recreation center in the Land Between the Lakes as a pilot project to show how an area with limited resources "can be converted into a recreation asset that will stimulate the economic growth of a region." The Executive order made Congressional approval of the project unnecessary, and Rep. Frank A. Stubblefield of western Kentucky, who with others in and out of Congress had urged the action on the President, explained that TVA was empowered by law to proceed immediately, whereas special legislation requiring a year or more would be necessary in order for the Park Service to take the job.

It is now a matter of debate—as witness the landowners' suit in federal court—whether TVA is in fact empowered to develop the Land Between the Lakes. This, plus the owners' suspicions that TVA's concealed but consuming interest in the project is for economic development, has made the going rough, and TVA's strategy in the face of opposition has been highly questionable.

The Presidential order instructed TVA to establish and define guidelines for "acquisition, development and operation of other outdoor recreation areas." So far, it has come closer to illustrating how *not* to proceed in such development. Some items:

¶ Aubrey J. Wagner, chairman of the TVA board, said following issuance of the Executive order that the project would take five years to develop and would cost $33 million. Now, four years later, the agency refuses to say how long it will take, and the latest estimates on the cost exceed $55 million.

¶ After saying at the outset that TVA "will explain the plans to the people in the affected area soon," the agency later announced that "every acre" of the land would be acquired (with the unexplained exception of an 8,600-acre tract in the southeast corner, near Dover, Tenn.), and some landowners still have not been notified of TVA's intentions or of its authority to proceed.

¶ TVA has billed the project as a demonstration of new concepts in recreation, though it duplicates principles long employed in other areas of the country by the National Park Service.

¶ Neither the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers nor the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service has yet surrendered its holdings in the Land Between the Lakes to TVA, and *sub rosa* disputes among the three agencies have been rumored. The Corps of Engineers, that paragon of Congressional pork-barreling, is predictably resentful of intrusions into what it considers its territory (i.e., the Cumberland River Valley), and the Fish and Wildlife Service is known to dislike the idea of surrendering its wildlife refuge. Furthermore, the National Park Service has often voiced concern about the indiscriminate use of park land by hordes of campers—and campers are what TVA wants most in the area.

TVA did not announce its intention to take all the land until Congress had appropriated $4 million to get the project started. The fiscal courts of Trigg and Lyon Counties, in which the Kentucky portion of the area lies, publicly opposed further land acquisition by TVA except from willing sellers, and Congressman Stubblefield also protested the land-buying plan.

Amid charges of coercion, harassment and trespass, TVA began to feel a backlash. The landowners organized and began picketing agency headquarters in the area, and the pro-TVA *Nashville Tennessean* said in an editorial that "poor diplomacy, fuzzy policies, and lack of liaison with elected officials—a cardinal principle with TVA in early days—appear to be major factors provoking angry resistance."

Kentucky's respected Republican Senator, John Sherman Cooper, in a letter to President Johnson, gave TVA even more cause for concern:

> The boundaries for the Between-the-Lakes recreational area, as recently announced by TVA, have caused considerable consternation among people and communities in the area, and to us. On reviewing our discussions and understandings of the proposals made during the past two years, we think that great harm may be done to the project if TVA does not reconsider its apparent plans to acquire all the land. . . . In Kentucky, the towns of Golden Pond and Twin Lakes, as well as the homes and businesses of some 3,000 people in the area involved, may be needlessly uprooted, meaning that many of these residents would be moved for the third, fourth, or fifth time due to Federal programs. . . . We agree generally with [TVA's] objectives, but we cannot agree that they merit the neglect of the rights of a large number of area citizens. . . .

Several residents of the area appeared before Congressional appropriations committees in the spring of 1964 to testify against TVA procedures. Mrs. Corinne Whitehead of Lyon County told a Senate subcommittee that residents of the area "have been informed . . . that industrial plant sites have been mapped and pinpointed by TVA in the north section of Lyon County. We are convinced that TVA proposes to take our land and homes under the guise of recreation and ultimately sell it for industrial use." TVA Chairman Wagner called the charge "just a plain lie" that "irritates me very much." Mrs. Whitehead and the other residents who testified said they were not opposed to the recreation area project, but requested that it be developed in the 100,000 acres already in federal hands "by the National Park Service, which is a recognized authority in this field."

Mrs. Whitehead underlined the eroding reputation of TVA in her area with these words: "TVA has heretofore been recognized by valley residents as a reasonable and idealistic agency with a heart in dealing with people. Today that image is considerably tarnished in light of this era of pure TVA empire-building." Her comment stood in stark contrast to the testimony of TVA Director Frank Smith, who said in answer to a question that his agency

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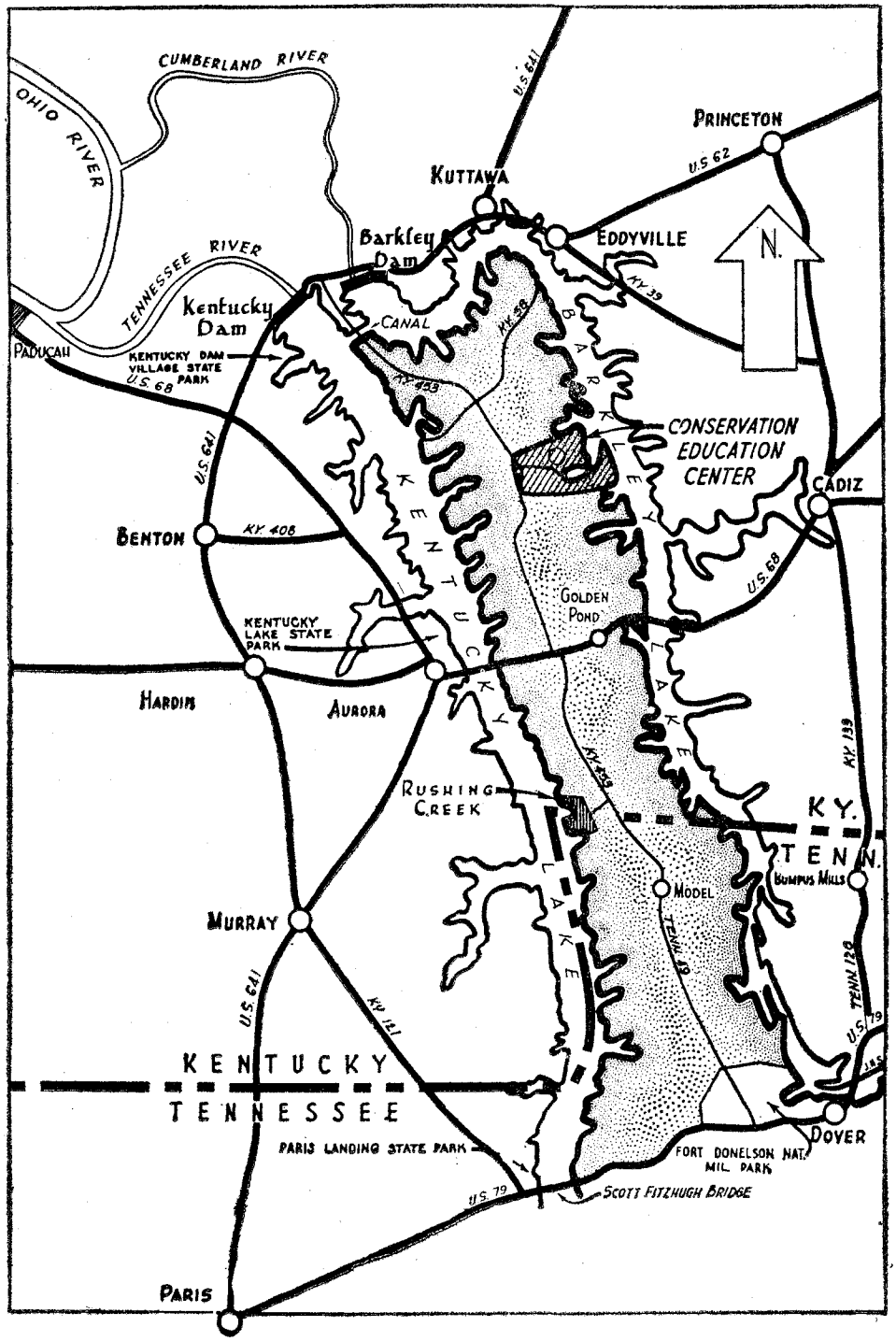
was developing the Land Between the Lakes "because of the overwhelming request of the people in the area."

Despite the protests, TVA got its second appropriation—$5.5 million—for the project, and since then it has received three more allocations. The population of the area, which stood at about 3,000 five years ago, has now been reduced to about 1,200, and of those who remain about fifty families, holding less than 10,000 acres among them, are unalterably opposed to surrender of their property to TVA. As the months pass, these landowners are seeing the sympathy and support they once received from newspapers, local governments and business organizations all but evaporate. TVA has mounted an intensive public relations campaign to sell the economic merits of the recreation area to surrounding communities, and the sound of money has had a mesmerizing effect. The holdout property owners are now condemned as speculators.

Still, suspicion of TVA's motives persists. Soon after Congress voted the 1964 appropriation, it was learned that the Kerr-McGee Oil Company of Oklahoma, former empire of the late Sen. Robert Kerr, had acquired all assets of the T. J. Moss Tie Company of St. Louis in July of 1963, one month after TVA had been assigned



Land Between the Lakes (Distance from Kuttawa to Dover Is 42 Miles)

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the Land Between the Lakes project. This created a stir because the Moss Company owned some 30,000 acres in the three counties encompassing the project. State records indicate that more than a dozen exploratory drillings for oil and other minerals have been made in the Land Between the Lakes region in the past thirty years, and this has prompted speculation that the Kerr-McGee land purchase was a prelude to more mineral exploration. No recent drillings have been made, but the appointment last year of Donald McBride, a long-time administrative assistant to Senator Kerr, to a nine-year term on the TVA board of directors, drew more than passing interest from skeptical residents of the area.

Such developments only solidify the landowners' conviction that something more than a playground is in store for the Land Between the Lakes. TVA officials repeatedly deny that they have any intention of engaging in the kind of real estate and industrial development activities which they are trying in the Beech and Elk River projects in Tennessee. Since 1933, however, TVA has disposed of more than 200,000 acres of land it had acquired along the shore lines of its lakes, and in virtually every instance the sale of such land has turned a handsome profit.

In its promotion of the Land Between the Lakes project, TVA has pictured a virgin wilderness, uncluttered by commercial enterprises of any kind. It has been described as a haven for hunters, fishermen, hiking and camping enthusiasts, swimmers and boaters and horseback riders. About 70 million people live within a 500-mile radius of the area, and TVA predicted in 1963 that within three years the park would be recording 4 million to 5 million visitor-days annually—a visitor-day being defined as twelve recreation hours spent in the area.

The prediction was wildly inaccurate. Less than half a million visitor-days were recorded in 1966. Still, TVA has already begun to hedge on its policy of keeping commercial enterprises out of the area. If the park's capacity of 20,000 campers is ever reached, says Sherrill Milliken, resident manager and coordinator of the project, the people will have to have access to supplies. Who would get that business? "We don't know," says Milliken. "We haven't faced up to that part yet. This summer we may have to get into it."

Milliken is also uncertain about TVA's future role in the project, or when the "demonstration of new concepts in recreation" will end. "It's an open-ended thing," he says. "Maybe ten years, maybe twelve, maybe fifteen, but sometime it'll be done." Who will take it over then? "I don't think there's an answer to that now."

January 1, 1968, has been announced as the target date for TVA to possess all the land. The residents who remain, meanwhile, are waiting and hoping for a miracle to save their property. They are saying that no amount of money will compensate them for what they have, and TVA's reply, in effect, is that every man has his price. Asked why he thought some people are resisting TVA's land buying, Director Frank Smith replied: "People just think they can get more money than what we offer them, that's what it boils down to. They want to get more than what's been offered to them. We think most of them, when it becomes so obvious that they're isolated, they'll eventually find that they want to move out, when there's nobody left around."

TVA has refused to compromise in its determination to control all the land. It has apparently not considered buying only from the willing sellers or even permitting present landowners to have the right of domicile for their lifetime. Even more important, it has made no effort to promote any kind of cooperative zoning in which county, state and federal governments could work together to assure compatible development of public and private lands—a principle the National Park Service employs effectively in the Nez Percé country of the Northwest.

Now the agency's intransigence has been met head-on by that of the holdout residents. TVA has failed to convince them that the necessity of a recreation area is in any sense comparable to the urgent needs for electric power, navigation and flood control. The issue is: does TVA have the right, morally or legally, to condemn the land and use it for recreation purposes?

Mr. Smith says "there's no question about the legality," and cites Section 22 of the TVA Act, which makes reference to "studies, experiments and demonstrations" by the agency. But this section makes no mention of recreation and does not grant powers of eminent domain to the agency.

Mr. Milliken says the Presidential order and the subsequent appropriations from Congress are authority enough. "Our legal division sees no problem, and that's the best answer I can give you. TVA has no intention of going anywhere else on this type of thing. You know it's been said that if you can do this you can go to Idaho or some place else and do the same thing. TVA has no intention of going anywhere else, and it has no intention of being in this type of thing forever."

But no one knows, or says, how far TVA can go. Some of the holdout residents are convinced that TVA will never go to court to condemn the land, though Smith says it is "almost inevitable there'll be a certain amount of condemnation." The residents contend that condemnation procedures would require the agency to specify what use will be made of the land—thus jeopardizing any future sale or lease for purposes other than recreation. Furthermore, they say, TVA is unsure of its legal authority to condemn.

To answer the question of legal authority Granville Clark, a Russellville, Ky., attorney, has gone into federal court on behalf of some of the residents. In *William D. Travis* v. *Pennyrile Rural Electric Cooperative (REA) and TVA*, Clark is asking the court to settle a dispute between Travis and the REA concerning electric service. But in his brief, Clark alleges a conspiracy between REA and TVA, and he asks these questions:

> (*1*). Does Pennyrile REA have a right to refuse to provide electric service to a customer in their territory because of a threatened condemnation [by TVA]?
>
> (*2*). Does TVA have a right to condemn the land of the plaintiff?

Mr. Clark says the answer to both questions is "no." In the course of his argument he contends that the TVA venture is not a demonstration project, within the definition of Section 22 of the TVA Act, but rather an end in itself. He points out that the deeds the agency is issuing

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for land in the Land Between the Lakes region "contain no reference to the authority for the taking." At one point in his brief, Clark says:

> Not having specific statutory authority to get into the park, wildlife and recreation business, TVA says it is going to have a demonstration project. What are they going to demonstrate, other than that they are once again entering a field utterly foreign to the concepts Senator Norris had when he first conceived TVA? . . . What is TVA going to demonstrate in the LBL region that has not already been demonstrated . . . in the hundreds of national and state parks and recreational, wildlife and forestry areas that stretch across the land? Just what is it TVA is trying to prove by taking the LBL area? If whatever it is cannot be done on its own merits, it ought not to be allowed by a fictitious demonstration.

To further substantiate his case, Clark quotes the section of the TVA Act which governs its powers of eminent domain, and points out that it confines its powers to the acquisition of real estate "for the construction of dams, reservoirs, transmission lines, power houses, and other structures, and navigation projects at any point along the Tennessee River, or any of its tributaries."

Frank Smith concedes that "the TVA Act needs to be broadened to provide wider authority for us to do more in the areas of economic development, pollution control and recreation."

What started as a locally approved development proposed by the National Park Service has degenerated into a fight to the death between a small group of property owners and the Tennessee Valley Authority. It remains for the courts to declare the ultimate winner, but already it is clear that TVA is paying a heavy price in popularity just for being in the game.

PEACE CORPS RETURNEES

THE NEW WORLD THEY SEE

FRANCIS POLLOCK

Mr. Pollock, a former Peace Corps Volunteer, teaches at Cuyahoga Community College in Cleveland.

Peace Corps Volunteers have been spilling back into the country for four years now, but as yet their group forays into politics have been sporadic at best—and more than a little unwelcome to many of the volunteers. Indeed, one of the major concerns of a 1965 conference of returned corpsmen—titled "Citizen in a Time of Change"—was a parcel of several proposals for a national association: a "Veterans of Foreign Nonwars," as one critic sneered. To these proposals, the overwhelming majority of the 1,000 ex-PCVs in attendance responded with an emphatic thumbs down. "They have consistently resisted all attempts to be organized into a national organization or behind any well-defined national movement, philosophy, or set of objectives," one Peace Corps staff member wrote recently. Nevertheless, the tide may be changing. Although the prospects for the immediate formation of an American Legion of Former Peace Corps Volunteers are remote, there are strong indications that ex-PCVs are starting to give second thoughts to group action. More than 800 of them, about 7 per cent of those who have come back, declared recently in a well-publicized letter to President Johnson, that American policy in Vietnam is "seriously undermining" hopes for a "peaceful and bountiful world." And in New York, more than 100 persons, at least two-thirds of them ex-Peace Corpsmen, have launched the Committee of Returned Volunteers (CRV) to challenge a foreign policy they say "frustrates rather than supports the aspirations of the people" of the Third World. Their concern over Vietnamese policy prompted a letter to the President in early February of this year. It carried more than 400 signatures.

In Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, Boston and other cities, former volunteers are contemplating group action as a response to what they feel is a worsening world situation. "Young Americans of unquestioned loyalty but with alert and questioning minds are continuing to express doubts about United States policy in Vietnam," the Akron (Ohio) *Beacon Journal* noted in a recent editorial about one of the letters.

Vietnam is certainly the catalyst, but it is not Vietnam alone. The mounting racial tensions in southern Africa, the agonizing deterioration of the Alliance for Progress, the growing U. S. military presence in Thailand—these and other occurrences are provoking serious thought among ex-PCVs. The conditions for massive group action are good, and indications are that some elements of the government Establishment are uneasy.

There are more than 12,000 ex-PCVs in the country now; within three years there will be 50,000. While every indication is given that they are highly conscious politically, they have unquestionably been slow to consider collective action. It is understandable: the small number of returnees at first; total involvement in graduate school (which most enter upon their return); the strains of readjustment and, to a large degree, the independence that characterizes so many of them. "I didn't join the Peace Corps to have forty-five or twenty-two or any number of people express my views," declared one returnee at the 1965 conference. "If I want to express them," he added, "I'd just as soon express them myself."

In place of group political action, the ex-PCVs have given mild assent to proposals for the formation of local organizations with blander concerns. Appropriate examples are the approximately eighty Peace Corps service councils scattered across the country. They started almost spontaneously to provide books and nonessential supplies for PCVs in the field, and to help fill requests for

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speakers that were inundating Peace Corps headquarters in Washington. At first they were organized and run by parents and friends of PCVs, but more and more the ex-volunteers have taken over. They have no official affiliation with PC/Washington, only its approval.

But these booster clubs do not provide the political outlets that many ex-PCVs are now seeking. Small, localized political action groups started appearing as early as 1964, as soon as enough ex-PCVs could get together. For the most part they were short-lived, lacking good organization or sustained interest. Yet they were the seed groups. Their leaders were heartened by Vice President Humphrey's speech at the 1965 conference: "I call upon you to be men and women of action," he told the ex-PCVs, ". . . to think, to think creatively, to think daringly and to share those thoughts—to share them with the community because it is only in so doing that we enrich this America."

To some, this type of statement was a call to action, and despite the rejection of proposals for a national association, new groups were formed. Typical of them, and perhaps best organized, is the CRV, whose temporary chairman is Aubrey Brown (PC/Nigeria). Membership is by no means restricted to ex-PCVs; about a third of its 120 members have worked abroad with mission groups or other voluntary organizations, and in some cases, other agencies of the U. S. Government. Their presence, according to Brown, brings a broader perspective to the group and minimizes the possibility that outsiders would link it to the Peace Corps.

CRV wants far broader U. S. engagement in multilateral assistance programs, preferably through the United Nations; seeks more responsiveness on the part of the U. S. Government to popular social, economic and political movements in the developing nations; and opposes unilateral U. S. military intervention anywhere. It is organized into highly active subcommittees studying the problems of Africa, Latin America, Southeast Asia, with special attention to Vietnam.

The committee's most publicized act to date, its February letter to the President, went unanswered by Mr. Johnson but drew a brief though cordial response from a staff member of the National Security Council. Spokesmen for the CRV feel the letter gave them useful experience for planning future action.

"What we did wrong there," contends Robert McGuire (PC/Pakistan), a graduate student at Columbia, "was in failing to accompany the letter with a well-thought-out position paper." He indicates that white papers will back up most of CRV's major statements in the future. The Africa subcommittee has prepared one on Rhodesia, expressing support of the President's decision to maintain sanctions against that nation. A thoughtful paper on Vietnam has recently been drawn up and distributed.

The war in Vietnam is the primary concern of another New York-based organization, the Former Peace Corpsmen's Committee for Peace. Although numbering less than ten active members, it set out last year to solicit signatures of other returnees for a strong letter to the President, calling for recognition of the National Liberation Front and immediate cessation of the bombing. According to its chairman, Burton Segall (PC/Tanganyika), it failed to get enough signatures to carry out the project.

He and other members involved themselves instead in the efforts of a third group, which bears a press agent's nightmare for a name—the Ad Hoc Committee for Returned Peace Corps Volunteers Letter on Vietnam. This group, in some ways the most controversial of the three, originally intended to collect as many signatures as possible for its moderate letter to the President and then to disband. But events following dispatch of the letter may prompt the organizers of the Ad Hoc Committee to continue their activities even more vigorously.

The letter went to the President on March 6, signed with 800 names. So far there has been no response from the White House, a fact from which the organizers take umbrage. One reason why there has been no response may be the feeling in Washington that the letter was not solely the work of the 800 ex-PCVs who signed it. "The letter was not spontaneous," Peace Corps Director Jack Hood Vaughan said in a recent telephone interview. "I know it was done by outsiders," he added, and indicated that it was the "result of an intensive campaign by people outside the Peace Corps."

The chief "outsider" associated with the letter is Allard Lowenstein, a New York lawyer who also participated in the drafting of letters from 100 student body presidents last year, and after that, the letter from fifty Rhodes scholars. Organizers of the Ad Hoc Committee and Lowenstein himself insist that his participation was minimal, consisting of advice on how to circulate the letter among possible signers and how to achieve maximum publicity. Once the sentiments to be expressed were decided on, they say, he did lend some assistance in the phrasing.

Lowenstein says the student leaders' letter followed a speech last summer at the National Student Association convention (he is a past NSA president, having served in 1951, before the time the CIA is said to have become involved). He says he made his speech with the intention of creating a dialogue between the Administration and the student leaders. "I gave a suggestion of a tactic that would provide for further discussion, not merely a protest," he says. "Anybody who thinks I can put words into the mouths of student leaders, fifty Rhodes scholars and 800 Peace Corps Volunteers is being absolutely absurd."

Eric Reuther (PC/Venezuela), Washington organizer of the Ad Hoc Committee, adds angrily: "If they are foolish enough to discredit our letter on these grounds, it will only force a more bitter response." He contends that some Peace Corps sources, particularly that agency's public information office, deliberately attempted to sabotage the letter. To buttress his point, he refers to an article in the *Baltimore Sun* of March 7, quoting a Peace Corps spokesman as saying that the Ad Hoc Committee had approached 5,000 ex-PCVs, but that 4,200 "had refused" to sign the letter.

That figure "amounts to nothing less than a complete fabrication and a deliberate attempt to misrepresent the situation," Reuther later wrote to the paper. (He puts the figure of ex-corpsmen solicited at 2,000.) The statement, he continued, "was based upon a single telephone conversation reputed to have taken place between a re-

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turned Peace Corps Volunteer and an individual soliciting signatures. 'The Peace Corps spokesman' made no attempt to verify the validity of his statement by checking members of our committee."

The spokesman—Thomas Page, director of Public Information for the Peace Corps—confirms that he gave the "4,200 out of 5,000" figure to the paper, but explains that he did not say they refused to sign the letter, merely that they were approached.

More static for the committee's efforts came in an editorial in the *Sun* on March 8:

> A new young pressure group may be developing among Peace Corps alumni, a sort of liberal American Legion. This is not going to go over well with many members of Congress. . . . Since its inception the Peace Corps has done a splendid job of convincing Americans and most foreigners that it is non-political and non-ideological. That reputation has sustained it in some ticklish situations. If former members give people a reason—or an excuse—for believing otherwise, the Peace Corps will have lost a valuable asset.

This did not go over well with members of the new movement. Says Reuther:

> What they are saying is that once someone has been a PCV, he is an apolitical being. But if we give our youth a mandate to become involved in the shaping of overseas institutions, and if we do not expect this same involvement by such people here, then we can only admit that our support for the Peace Corps' work overseas has been based on chauvinistic arrogance and narrow self-interest. The returned Volunteer is going to make some noise—that is his duty.

Members of the New York-based CRV appear to share Reuther's sentiments. "When you commit yourself to change," contends McGuire, "you are going to cause trouble. . . . We are not outside the political consensus now, but if we do go outside, so what?"

Just what position does the government take on the political activities of returned PCVs? Ostensibly it welcomes their participation, provided it is made clear that they are not speaking for the Peace Corps.

"The contribution of former volunteers to society in the United States and in the Third World will constitute a major impact of the Peace Corps." Robert Calvert, Jr., then director of the Peace Corps' Career Information Service, wrote last year. The architects of the Peace Corps knew that this unique overseas experience would have profound effects on the volunteer, that he would be more than likely to return home with renewed convictions.

"We encourage them to stand up and be counted responsibly," PC Director Vaughan said shortly after the release of the Ad Hoc Committee's letter. "I have wondered for some time now just what forms the political activities of ex-PCVs would take," he said recently, adding that there is "no possibility" that Congressmen would bring pressure on the Peace Corps for the actions of any returnee group.

Members of the Ad Hoc Committee and CRV report that Vaughan has generally been encouraging in private conversations with members of both groups, while expressing some concern about the letters. The apparent regard for Vaughan does not extend to the PC's Public Information Office. "Their dishonesty in releasing the figure of 4,200 refusals to the *Baltimore Sun* was completely invented," says Lowenstein.

Burton Segall of the third group, the Former Peace Corpsmen's Committee for Peace, has reason to believe that PC/Washington will move decisively if necessary. His group's name was originally the Peace Corps Committee for Peace. Shortly after it started asking other ex-PCVs for signatures on the letter it was drafting, a note arrived from the Peace Corps' General Counsel, stating that the use of the name "Peace Corps" was illegal, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

"In all instances where the use of the name 'Peace Corps' by another organization is brought to our attention," the letter said in part, "we feel compelled to request that organization to alter its name." With some chafing, Segall's group changed the name, but in its response inquired why the unaffiliated Peace Corps service councils had not also been prevented from using the name.

Incidents such as this and the Ad Hoc Committee's treatment by the *Baltimore Sun* prompt Aubrey Brown of CRV to express fears about future actions by the Peace Corps or other agencies. "We'll have to be prepared to see them make some efforts to insulate themselves if we become more effective," he noted recently at a luncheon meeting at the African-American Institute in New York City. He and other members of his group are troubled that three of politics' strangest bedfellows—the Peace Corps, the far Left and, as indicated by recent disclosures, the CIA—all have reason to be concerned with the new groups of ex-PCVs. He concedes that there are few safeguards.

The prospects for future development of groups such as the CRV, the Ad Hoc Committee and other organizations of overseas volunteers look encouraging, if not bright. If a national association is possible it would more likely than not be patterned along the lines of the present Committee of Returned Volunteers: study groups in a number of cities, loosely joined in a national federation. Brown, who says he would "prefer to pass out leaflets rather than to picket," sees these groups doing in-depth studies of foreign policy problems, and drawing upon their experience and sensitivity as Dr. Immanuel Wallerstein, sociologist and African scholar at Columbia University, suggests, to serve as interpreters of the Third World to Americans.

A writer for the *Saturday Review* asked in 1964:

> Will the volunteer "readjust," give up and adapt? Or will he take up the challenges in our own backyard similar to those he faced overseas? The answer to this question may provide the most important story yet to be written about the Peace Corps and its volunteers.

Speaking at the 1965 conference on behalf of those who sought a national association—and perhaps somewhat prophetically for those one in twelve ex-PCVs who have signed one of the letters on Vietnam—a volunteer said: "All we want to do is to make people aware, and then *they* are the pressure group for whatever they believe after they know the facts. All we're trying to do is to expose these people to a new world which we see."

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Sewing Machines & Union Machines

HERBERT HILL
Mr. Hill is national labor secretary of the NAACP and co-editor (with Arthur M. Ross) of Employment, Race and Poverty *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

When a group of teen-age girls, mainly Negro and Puerto Rican high school "dropouts" in New York City, bitterly defended their sewing machines and their right to learn a craft, the drama at the Lower West Side Community Center, a unit of the Neighborhood Youth Corps, was reported in many newspapers. However, the real story —the refusal of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, both AFL-CIO affiliates, to permit the federal training of apparel workers—was little noted. *The New York Times* failed to mention that the events occurred as the result of ILGWU and ACWA opposition to federal training in the clothing trades. The incident, treated as "human interest" by the press, is far more revealing of restrictive labor union practices than its newspaper treatment suggests.

The New York Times of June 7 reported that "Fifteen girls in a Lower West Side branch of the Neighborhood Youth Corps armed themselves with cherry cream pies and soft drinks yesterday to retain the sewing machines they love." The *Times* quoted 17-year-old Sandra Brown as saying: "They're not going to take these machines. If they do, they're going to have to take us along." It also referred vaguely to "a Youth Corps technicality."

As the sewing machines were being removed from other Neighborhood Youth Corps Job Training Centers in the Morrisania section of the Bronx and in west Jamaica, Queens, as well as in other ghetto locations, Mrs. Rosali Maxwell, a sewing machine instructor, stated that the high school dropouts will "probably go back to doing nothing again."

The apparel training program was finally saved only by private donations which made possible the delivery of new machines and bolts of fabric to the community training centers after the federal funds were withdrawn. On June 13, the *New York Post* quoted Jerry Kolker, project director, who said that "Neither the government nor the union will cooperate with us. But now we have enough machines and money to keep going, even if they come to collect them again. . . ." Kolker added: "We have asked them [the unions] for their help in developing training programs and working out a solution to this problem, but the ILGWU won't answer."

The insistence of the unions that there be no government-sponsored job training for workers in the apparel industry, and their ability to prevent new training opportunities under the anti-poverty program, has a special implication for Negro workers. Negro applicants for jobs in garment manufacturing shops are often asked if they have had previous experience. Because they have been denied the opportunity to obtain such experience they are either refused work or employed only in low-paying unskilled jobs. Despite their rigid opposition to federally sponsored training opportunities, officials of the ILGWU have admitted that the industry lacks experienced workers. Gus Tyler, assistant president of the union, has written: "There is a shortage of skilled sewing machine operators. Nobody knows this better than the ILGWU. Some employers have either closed shop in New York or threatened to fold up for lack of skilled operators."

Although admitting that this is the case, the ILGWU has more than once refused to permit federally sponsored training. In Newark, N. J., in 1965, the United Community Corporation, the anti-poverty Community Action Program agency for Newark, had a similar experience. The federal Office of Economic Opportunity refused to provide funds for an apparel trades job training program for 545 workers (200 of whom were welfare recipients). When the Newark group requested funds for the program already begun, they were told by officials of the U.S. Department of Labor that the basis for the rejection was the refusal of the two unions to approve the job training program. Shortly thereafter, the Newark training program was destroyed by federal officials acting upon the insistence of the ILGWU.*

Action by the unions to prevent federally sponsored training in the garment industry dates back to August 22, 1963, when the U.S. Department of Labor, which administers the Manpower Development and Training Act, received a 14-page statement of the "position of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America on the question of subsidized training programs in the apparel industry of the United States." In this policy statement (initiated by the ILGWU) signed by Lazare Teper, research director of the ILGWU and Milton Fried, research director of the ACWA the unions stated that: "on the basis of our many years experience in the apparel industry we are convinced that such training of apparel workers is not only a waste of federal funds but sets in motion forces detrimental to the health and stability of our industry."

They also argued that "the hiring of inexperienced workers by the industry is central to its functioning." And they stated that "training and the possession of a specific apparel skill is not an essential requirement for employment in the apparel industry and . . . the training of inexperienced workers by the employer is a normal phase of the apparel business."

The report concludes:

> These considerations apply to government financed training programs under the Area Redevelopment Act as well as the Manpower Development and Training Act. We, therefore, respectfully urge that the Department of Labor as a matter of policy not sponsor or approve any training program for apparel workers under the Manpower Development Act.

Both the ILGWU and the ACWA have used their considerable political power in Newark and elsewhere to pre-

*For a discussion of the status of nonwhite workers in the garment industry see *Congressional Record* (House), January 31, 1963.

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vent the kind of training programs that are operating with public funds in many other industries.

The statement of the apparel labor unions is contradicted by manpower data on the industry. According to the *Occupational Training Needs Survey*, Research Series No. 18, September, 1964, prepared and compiled by the state of New Jersey, Department of Labor and Industry, Division of Employment Security:

> By 1965 there will be a shortage in three of the six semiskilled occupations surveyed. These occupations are: machine presser in the garment, laundry and cleaning and dyeing industries. By 1968 (in addition to those occupations expected to be in short supply in 1965) there will be shortage of sewing machine operators and handpressers, in the garment, laundry, cleaning and dyeing industries.

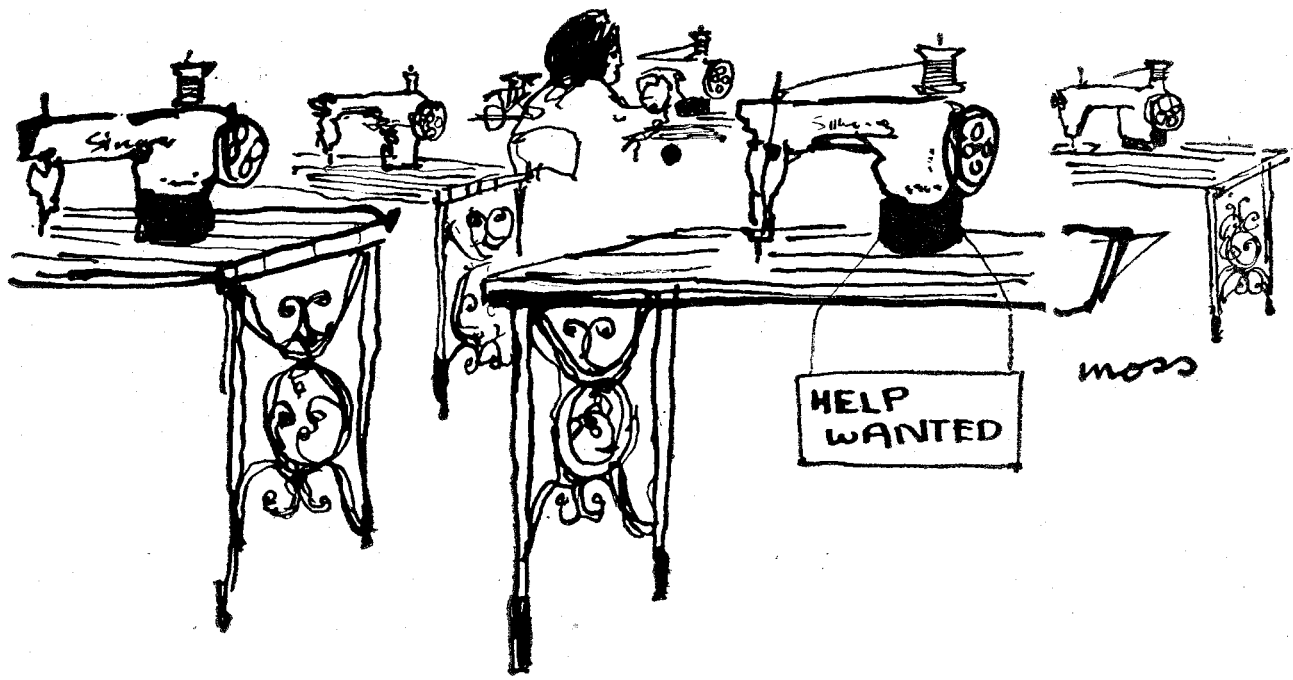
These data are significant because they relate directly to the proposal for funds submitted to the Office of Economic Opportunity by the Newark Community Action Council. Furthermore, the city of Newark had been declared a depressed area with very high unemployment among Negroes. Such job training programs, which are intended to enable the long-term unemployed to liberate themselves from the relief rolls by obtaining jobs as a result of newly acquired skills, is the essence of any real "war against poverty."

The development of many large garment manufacturing companies with modern production methods that require new skills has been evident for some time. But even though nonwhites constitute a potentially large source of skilled labor recruitment for this industry, they have been effectively denied such opportunities, mainly as a result of restrictive union practices.

Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz stated on March 1, 1966, at a meeting of the National Board of the Coat and Suit Industry: "Industry reports show that companies were having difficulty finding people with skills. In terms of fully prepared people there is a shortage." He also noted that the growing shortage called for preparations to take care of the expanding needs in industry and asked for support of federal job training programs. ILGWU president, David Dubinsky, according to *Women's Wear Daily* of March 2, 1966, in response to the Secretary's statement, "scored the Administration's assistance programs for on the job training as they applied to the coat and suit industry."

In the Harvard University 1959 study, "Made in New York: Case Studies in Metropolitan Manufacturing," it is noted that Negroes and Latin Americans

> . . . were largely to be found in the less skilled lower paid crafts and in shops making the lower price lines and in this industry their advancement to higher skills was not proceeding very rapidly. In the higher skilled coat and suit industry the new ethnic groups have hardly made an appearance.



> In short, Negro and Puerto Rican women, who are on the lower rungs of the city's economic ladder, have become important in the New York garment industry, but they work mainly in the more standardized branches, and with few exceptions, unlike the Jewish and Italian men of earlier days, they do not become highly skilled tailor system workers on dresses or "cloaks." As a result, a shortage of skilled sewing machine operators is developing.

In the past, the liberal and progressive ILGWU and ACWA were important vehicles for improving the economic status and social condition of immigrant workers. Tragically enough, these same unions now use their extensive powers to prevent the further entry of Negro and Puerto Rican workers into the labor market, or to lock these groups permanently in unrewarding menial and unskilled jobs.

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LETTERS *(continued from page 2)*

Elsewhere the Colonel implies that as a former Academy library executive officer, I am hardly qualified to criticize the Academy's educational program. Such attacks on the character, qualifications or motives of anyone who dares suggest the Academy may not be infallible, I learned during three years there, are a standard device. Anticipating this line of attack, I did not present my personal opinion but reported the situation on the basis of interviews with more than a dozen past and present faculty members plus other documentary material, none of which the Colonel proved wrong in his letter. . . .

Nowhere does the Colonel produce evidence which proves wrong or even disputes any of the questionable practices at the Academy which I reported; following another classic Air Force Academy tactic in dealing with critics, he talks about everything but why cheating occurs —repeatedly—at the Academy. If my report is as distorted and illogical as he claims, I suggest Colonel Alm cite the "real" reasons—supported by documentary evidence—for the scandals. *J. Arthur Heise*

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I congratulate author J. A. Heise on his candid, yet sympathetic and understanding, analysis of the recent cheating scandals at the United States Air Force Academy. From my perspective as a former Air Force Captain and associate professor at the Academy (1958-60 and 1962-65), Mr. Heise—or rather the officer he quoted on page 626 —got to the heart of the matter when he stressed the costs of creating a truly intellectual environment for the education of our future officers. . . .

The time has come to translate "pious platitudes about honor and leadership" (to use the words of Admiral Rickover) into academically sound practices. Congress and the academic community—both of whom have major but unexercised responsibilities for the education of future officers, had better act quickly. If they continue to abdicate this responsibility, the views of one member of the White committee, before whom I testified in 1965, will continue to be the Academy's operating policy. I was told: "We must think of the survival of the institution." We must indeed, but the institution at stake is our country, not the Air Force or the Academy!

John C. Ries, associate professor,
University of California

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Heise poses an important question in the title of his article but he seems less interested in answering it than in maligning the Air Force Academy and its dean. One would think that the Academy's problems would arise from causes peculiar to it as a military educational institution. But such apparently is not the case. Look at Mr. Heise's catalogue of deficiencies: "Standardization of prescribed courses," "a lack of real student-faculty involvement," the "policy of grading on a curve," faculty meetings which "are rarely needed and rarely called," "highly centralized administration," the passion for the Ph.D., "emphasis on questionable symbols of academic success." . . . In seventeen years of teaching at Columbia and Harvard, I have heard all of these charges again and again and again. They may be the roots of the cheating problem, but if they are Mr. Heise doesn't show why this is the case. . . .

While Mr. Heise's comments on the Academy are largely irrelevant, his attacks on the Academy's dean, Brig. Gen. Robert F. McDermott, are blatantly wrong. For almost 150 years the system of education at the military academies was frozen into the pattern which Sylvanus Thayer set at West Point. Under General McDermott's leadership, the Air Force Academy broke with this pattern and instituted, as Heise himself has to recognize, a diversified course program, majors, an enrichment program, graduate work, and advance standing. These innovations are now being copied by the other service academies. By any standard, General McDermott is one of the leading innovators and statesmen in higher education today. . . .

Samuel P. Huntington, professor of government, Harvard University, member, advisory council, USAF Academy

air policy

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: You have done a public service in publishing Karl M. Ruppenthal's survey of prospects for the Supersonic Transport as generator of political, social and economic questions its promoters decline to acknowledge [May 22, May 29, June 19].

Any resident of the Potomac River valley in the vicinity of Washington can testify that the Federal Aviation Agency accepts no responsibility for the consequences of its fixed policy to promote the interests of air carriers.

In May, 1963, the FAA issued a policy declaration that it would not allow jet carriers into Washington National Airport, just 3 miles from the White House. For reasons it has never made public, FAA reversed this and the jets came into National in April, 1966.

Noise, pollution and mathematically increased hazard of crashes in the center of the densely populated region embraced by the Capital Beltway are now fixed qualities of life in this city. People in all sections of Washington along the river report falling property values, kerosene droppings, near misses (and verified instances of cowlings and other parts off planes—so far, fortunately, landing in the river instead of in the streets), not to mention the endless howling and whine of engines, night and day.

We do not need to wait for the SST to discover social irresponsibility in the FAA concept of how air carriers should operate in a human society. *Frank C. Waldrop*

death by abortion

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Phil Kerby's article, "Abortion: Laws and Attitudes" [*The Nation*, June 12], deserves special recognition for its comprehensive and incisive analysis.

One error (which many writers on this topic have perpetuated) does not mar it. For the record, the total number of maternal deaths in the United States in 1964 was 1,096, of which 247, or 19 per cent, are recorded in official statistics as caused by abortion. To this number should be added an unknown number of maternal deaths which are the result of criminal abortion but which, because of the stigma, have been attributed to other causes. Passage of the Beilenson Therapeutic Abortion Act in California will, we hope, decrease this needless toll.

Ruth Roemer
Associate Researcher in Public Health Law
University of California

happiness in Asia

London

DEAR SIRS: After reading with interest, appreciation and general approval Malcolm W. Browne's masterly destructive review of Roger Hilsman's book, *To Move A Nation* [*The Nation*, June 5], I find myself staggered when he writes toward the end of it the words: "Granting that Asian communism is a brutal force that hardly does much to make life happier for the average peasant. . . ." This statement is so blatantly in contradiction with what I personally observed, during a fairly comprehensive tour around the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in November, 1958, and with what has been observed, before and since then, by numerous Western visitors more competent than I, that I am at a loss to understand on what evidence it is based. . . .

Edgar P. Young
Commander, Royal Navy (Ret.)

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Holocaust: Myths and Facts

WARRANT FOR GENOCIDE: The myth of the Jewish world-conspiracy and the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. *By Norman Cohn. Harper & Row. 303 pp. $6.95.*

TREBLINKA. *By Jean-François Steiner. Preface by Simone de Beauvoir. Translated from the French by Helen Weaver. Simon & Schuster. 415 pp. $5.95.*

THEY FOUGHT BACK: The Story of the Jewish Resistance in Nazi Europe. *Edited and translated by Yuri Suhl. The Crown Publishing Co. 327 pp. $5.95.*

THE MURDERERS AMONG US: The Simon Wiesenthal Memoirs. *Edited, with an introductory profile by Joseph Wechsberg. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 340 pp. $6.95.*

LOUIS HARAP

Mr. Harap is a member of the editorial board of the monthly, Jewish Currents.

The four books under review fall into a logical progression. Norman Cohn traces the strange vicissitudes of that anti-Semitic ideology in the past few centuries which supplied the rationale (if one can call it that) for genocide. Steiner and Suhl describe the genocide itself and, in different ways, the Jewish resistance to it. And Wiesenthal illuminates aspects of denazification through his personal activities in bringing Nazi criminals to justice.

In meticulous detail Cohn sets forth the bizarre history of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion,* together with its antecedents and practical consequences. He shows how this history is continuous with the medieval myth of the Jew as anti-Christian devil and ritual murderer. It was only after the French Revolution, however, that the myth received its political cast as a Judaeo-Masonic conspiracy to dominate European governments. Cohn makes clear how the myth grew in close coordination with reactionary opposition to revolutionary developments. The 1848 revolution in Germany gave fresh impetus to this drive; Russian reactionaries and pogromists took over from the Germans in the last third of the century until, in 1905, Sergei Nilus published the full-blown forgery, the *Protocols,* which was used to instigate pogroms. The execution of the Czarist royal family in 1918 added a new feature, the Bolshevik Revolution as a Jewish plot.

Reactionary Russian *émigrés* fanned out into Europe and the United States spreading the infection of the *Protocols.* They reached Henry Ford who took up the cause, and in 1920 had the *Protocols* serialized in his *Dearborn Independent,* circulation 300,000. Later in the year he reprinted the material in a book which was distributed in the United States in half a million copies, and was translated into sixteen languages, including the German. The *Protocols* emerged strongly in the United States once again in 1938, when Father Coughlin published them in his *Social Justice,* with a circulation of 1 million.

Russian *émigrés* brought the *Protocols* directly into Germany in 1920. In 1922, they played a great part in provoking the assassination of Walther Rathenau as an "Elder of Zion." The Nazis grafted their *völkisch*-racist ideology on the *Protocols,* which Hitler fervently embraced as the ideological basis for the "final solution." The myth, Cohn shows, served as a "warrant" for genocide.

In his *Treblinka,* Jean-François Steiner attempts an account of the execution of this warrant in one ghetto, Vilna, and one extermination camp, Treblinka, where about 800,000 Jews were killed. Steiner was 2 years old when his Polish-Jewish father died in a camp, and he was reared by his French-Catholic mother in France. Written like a thriller, this book was an immediate success in France and aroused considerable controversy. The first few chapters convey the Nazi techniques for liquidating the Vilna ghetto and the rise of underground resistance. Most of the book describes the establishment of the extermination camp at Treblinka, the formation of revolt plans, several frustrated attempts at revolt, the final desperate rising (which set free some 600 inmates, of whom about forty survived the manhunt that followed), and the final Nazi erasure of all traces of the camp.

Steiner had spent half a year studying the records and interviewing survivors. The book cannot be said to be documentary, the American publishers' blurb notwithstanding, but is rather a semi-fictional adaptation of history designed to set forth Steiner's theses of Jewish behavior during the holocaust. In an interview with *Le Nouveau Candide,* Steiner explains that he wrote it because of the shame he felt at the passivity of the slaughtered 6 million—a reflection, perhaps, of the Raul Hilberg-Hannah Arendt thesis that Jews offered no significant resistance to their extermination. But the Treblinka revolt, it appears, offered him theses that appeased his shame.

But Steiner's theses are a mass of contradictions. Jewish behavior under the Nazis, he holds, was governed by the to him peculiarly Jewish, mystically tenacious belief in life as such. (Incidentally, Simone de Beauvoir's laudatory introduction makes one wonder if she fully understood the book she praises. In direct contradiction to Steiner, she asserts that in the camps "all peoples behaved identically." Further, she writes that Steiner rejects the notion of "the mystery of the Jewish soul," while his book advances precisely some such view.) Together with this mystical belief in life, Steiner believes that the Jews wished to survive to bear witness to Nazi bestiality. At the same time, many who survived, Steiner holds, did so by serving as "accomplices" of extermination. The Treblinka rebels, Steiner repeatedly asserts, were just such "accomplices" because they attended the undressing and haircutting of the Jews, and also disposed of the corpses.

No less troublesome is the synthetic history of some parts of the book, such as Steiner's designation of the Vilna ghetto as "the pilot ghetto," a proving ground for developing techniques to prepare Jews psychologically for extermination. The fact is that the Vilna ghetto was set up in July, 1941, a year after the Warsaw and other ghettos had been in operation. He wrongly places in Treblinka a melodramatic episode that was actually part of the rising at the Sobibor extermination camp. At an early stage in the Sobibor revolt, chief Nazi camp officials were lured into "appointments" with camp tailors and shoemakers, and killed with hatchets. Steiner has the Treblinka revolt leaders plan just this tactic, refers to it several times in reviewing the plans, and then forgets all about it in his detailed account of the uprising.

Survivors who have devoted themselves to assembling and verifying the history of the holocaust have attacked Steiner's book. Rochel Auerbach, Treb-

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linka survivor, associate of the Warsaw Ghetto historian, Emmanuel Ringelblum, and presently head of the Department of Testimony at the Yad Vashem archives in Tel Aviv, denounced it in the Paris Yiddish paper, *Undzer Vort*. Apart from her rejection of Steiner's wish "to transfer a great part of the responsibility for German mass murder onto Jewish victims themselves," she accused Steiner of having broken his agreement to allow her to read the manuscript before publication, and of having used real names of victims and survivors now living in Israel, attributing fictional conversations and actions to them. Yad Vashem demanded that these names be changed in further editions.

Fearing the possibility of legal action, publishers agreed to the change. Rochel Auerbach was invited to Paris to discuss further corrections with the author. But he stubbornly refused, she writes, to "purge the book of the desecrations with which he soiled the materials taken from Jewish sources." She then felt compelled publicly to reject the "false thanks" given her in the book (retained in the American edition). She has asked the prospective Italian producers to remove the "slanders" in the book from the forthcoming film. Two others whom Steiner "thanks" for their aid, Leon Czertok and Olga Imbert, both of the Center of Jewish Documentation in Paris, have also rejected his thanks (retained in the American edition). David Rosset, non-Jewish camp survivor and theorist of camp psychology, has described the book as "full of racist formulas." One instance: the leader of the revolt "lacked that typically Jewish quality of looking for the hardest way, always wanting to do better, never being satisfied with the possible," etc. Léon Poliakov points out other instances in his sharply condemnatory article reprinted in *Atlas* for September, 1966. Others in Israel and Paris have condemned the book and even asked for recall of the "Prix de Résistance" award for 1966. What is particularly disconcerting is the commercial attitude revealed in Steiner's remark, reported by Rochel Auerbach, that he was not troubled by the unfavorable attitude to the book in Israel because Israel is a "small market."

It is not surprising that *Treblinka* has sold widely in France and promises to be a success in this country. It is the kind of thriller that makes one miss his subway stop, as it did this reviewer. But whether it will increase understanding of the holocaust is another matter.

Fortunately, another book has recently appeared which should serve as a strong antidote—Yuri Suhl's invaluable collection of historical, scrupulously documented accounts of Jewish resistance in all parts of occupied Europe which Suhl wrote because, as he says: "The world knows little or nothing about the other side of the holocaust picture: Jewish resistance. . . . It is not generally known that in every labor and concentration camp there existed a Jewish underground organization that kept up the prisoners' morale, reduced their physical sufferings, committed acts of sabotage, organized escapes, collected arms, planned revolts, and, in many instances, carried them out." Nor is much generally known about the numerous daring Jewish partisan and resistance groups. Even though Suhl's book makes no claim to be exhaustive—the book could easily have been ten times its present size—it should permanently put to rest the legend of total Jewish passivity.

Suhl's book includes, for example, the diary of Abraham Lissner, revealing the existence of an effective and heroic Jewish Partisan Unit in Paris which, both alone and in coordination with other groups, carried out an enormous number of acts of sabotage from 1942 to 1944, when they were executed by the Nazis. Perhaps the least-known chapter of Jewish resistance is the heroic career of the Herbert Baum Jewish group in Berlin from 1937 to 1942, and Suhl includes the late Prof. Ber Mark's account of this group, taken from Gestapo files. The most important act of the group was the partial burning of Goebbels' anti-Soviet exhibit at the Lustgarten in May, 1942, after which the group was betrayed and executed by the Nazis.

Narratives of resistance in the largest ghettos and camps (Sobibor, Byalistok, Warsaw, Treblinka, Minsk, Vilna), and in smaller places one never heard of (Marcinkonis, Lachwa, Tuczyn, Koldyczewo, Horodenka); impressive achievements of Jewish partisans in Poland and farther east; stories of outstanding individual heroism by men, women and children in resistance movements and solitary acts; summaries of

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Weather Map, amidst this tiny print, you stand out
like a comfortable air of nudity. Amazing!
It's my air of nudity
in a stranger's bedroom
as my eyes alight on a most pleasing spot.

LOW,
you're recorded right here,
yet during this same hour, 2000 miles away,
your vast spirit is
HIGH
among the Smokies. You
show us in the 20th century of violence what a soul might be.

Oh obviously, concentrically, lovely,
your circles around a center of emptiness
have been watched by typists on vacation,
the mystically disposed, or me
—all the pebble-droppers at the still lakes!

Look, look!
the bending, that contortion suddenly in those outmost circles,
like an angel flailing to be free.
I have been reading joyously the dear poets,
and here you're mirroring their spirits
struggling to punch out of their lines and words
to pin my shoulders to the floor.

Weather Map, Oh you who are inscrutable,
I know you better than anybody.
What I would do if I possessed the signs that seem
to be music notes leaping and flying off the clef lines!
I, as you, would dub them simply
—like "cloudy" or "clear."

ALLAN KAPLAN

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resistance in Belgium, Italy, Bulgaria: all these in Suhl's book bear striking witness to Jewish activist heroism in the face of the Nazi terror.

Simon Wiesenthal's memoirs of search, seizure and exposure of Nazi war criminals, in Joseph Wechsberg's superbly edited volume, carries the anti-Nazi effort into the postwar period. Having miraculously escaped death many times, Wiesenthal decided at the war's end to devote himself to bringing Nazis to justice. He is motivated neither by vindictiveness nor revenge but by deep concern for the future. Wiesenthal's attitude is epitomized in a remark he heard from an American major: "The enemy of yesterday will become the enemy of tomorrow if we let him alone." As a one-man research institute, Wiesenthal has an amazing record. He has brought to justice about 900 of the 22,500 Nazis in his files, including his essential aid in tracking down Adolf Eichmann. Wechsberg's "profile" of Wiesenthal reveals an incorruptible, selfless, deeply humane man, as indeed the memoirs themselves confirm.

Light is thrown on important aspects of postwar history by these memoirs. The clandestine Nazi escape junta, ODESSA (Organization der SS-Angehörigen), which is funded with about $1 billion in buried treasure and investments in neutral and nonbelligerent countries, is exposed. Wiesenthal documents the well-known fact that German officialdom is permeated with high Nazis and the less-known fact that Nazis are protected from prosecution and conviction in court. Shocking miscarriages of justice in war-crimes trials are related. And Wiesenthal shows how the British occupiers evinced more concern in stemming the illegal immigration to Palestine than in apprehending war criminals, and how American, British and French denazification efforts gave way to cooperation with ex-Nazis in pursuit of cold-war anti-communism. The astonishing extent of Austrian participation in the holocaust emerges: Wiesenthal told Wechsberg that although Austria's population was 8 per cent of that of the Reich, "about one-third of all people working for the S.S. extermination machinery were Austrians. Almost half of the 6 million Jewish victims of the Hitler regime were killed by Austrians."

At a time when neo-Nazism in Germany shows signs of revival (and Weisenthal believes the new reaction to be not only German but part of an international movement), the memoirs of this dedicated humanist sound a strong note of warning.

The Wondering Jew

THE CARPENTER YEARS. *By Arthur A. Cohen. New American Library. 151 pp. $4.50.*

FATHERS. *By Herbert Gold. Random House. 308 pp. $5.95.*

THE DISSENT OF DOMINICK SHAPIRO. *By Bernard Kops. Coward-McCann. 208 pp. $4.50.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Mr. Kriegel teaches English at the City College of New York, and is currently working on a novel and on a study of politics and literature in contemporary America.

Any novelist must avoid being smothered by a personal identity crisis, especially in a work which is itself about a crisis in identity. But it is too easy to claim that all men face identity crises today, and that the novelist who is conscious of himself as a Jew is not singular. For while all men are alienated by definition, the Jew is faced with an alienation that is peculiar to him alone, one that exists within the context of his immediate experience.

In our time, his conflict has been strikingly nonreligious—at least until quite recently. Of the novels under discussion here, only Arthur Cohen's *The Carpenter Years* tries to come to terms with the problem of how one can be a Jew in a gentile world which wears its smug security like a flower in its buttonhole. Although I do not think that Mr. Cohen has been particularly successful, he has been daring in his choice of a theme. His purpose is not ecumenical. He does not propose to reconcile American Jew and American Christian but rather to explore the very brittle heritage each can claim as his own.

The Carpenter Years is apparently an effort at creating a contemporary parable about religion in the United States. Unfortunately, Cohen's protagonist exists only on the edges of the reader's perceptions, insofar as those perceptions can be felt. Edgar Morrison, born Morris Edelman (from the noble Morris to the son of that Morris, conceived in his own spiritual inadequacy), is Cohen's battleground for the conflict of Jew and gentile. Having renounced religion, family, heritage and name, Morrison has emerged as the director of a small-town YMCA in Pennsylvania, a model husband and father, a Christian, and an unfortunately static symbol. The novel begins when he learns of the imminent arrival of his son by his first marriage, to take a job in town. But the confrontation between father and son, a confrontation toward which the entire novel moves, is remarkably inadequate. The reader is left with the impression that Edgar Morrison has settled for far less than he might have expected. To trade the rich history of the Jew for the directorship of a small-town YMCA is a very poor bargain indeed. And to go from Thomas Mann's Naptha to Cohen's Edgar Morrison is simply too long a journey for this reader. It leaves one in a kind of spiritual torpor. Arthur Cohen is a Jew by choice, as any reader of his nonfiction knows. The failure in this novel is Cohen's inability to make his religious consciousness decisive for the reader.

Herbert Gold's *Fathers*, an autobiographical "novel in the form of a memoir," does not wrestle with the spiritual rootlessness of the contemporary Jew in a gentile world. If anything, it celebrates that rootlessness. It is stasis that both Gold and the father he has so vividly brought to life in this novel seem to fear most. What Gold achieves is the vital re-creation of a world that had ended long before the Second World War, although we did not know it then: the Jewish immigrant seeking fortune and dynasty in America. In his previous novels, Gold's language, always rich and sensuous, stood in the way of what he was trying to do. He was that peculiar creature, a "natural" novelist who had not written the novel one felt he was capable of writing. It is probably this that accounts for the smugness with which Gold has been dismissed by a number of critics and fellow novelists, most of whom should have known better. Gold was generally accused of not being tough enough, of not being contemporary, of lacking what Hemingway called *cojones* (a much traveled novelistic commodity), of being too sentimental. Some of this was true. Perhaps it still is. But Gold at his best, and he is at his best in *Fathers*, is a warm, lyrical, zestful writer. (An indication of how tough we Americans are can be found in the fact that these adjectives seem strangely hackneyed, threatening the critic's own toughness. It is a difficult land: even book reviewers bare their teeth in front of the mirror when they wake up each morning.)

The movement from the author's father Sam Gold to Herb Gold himself, from the father as father to the son as father, is something that demands no summation. Gold treads dangerously sentimental territory and the proof of his artistry is that only

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in fleeting instances does the novel succumb to sentiment. Perhaps our chief problem in reading *Fathers* is that we ourselves are too self-consciously filled with *Angst* to understand a Sam Gold, or even to accept him at face value. He is too elementary in his needs and desires, too responsive to the pork barrel of American life, too raucous, too tender, too loving, too intent on imposing a vision of his own destiny on his America. "But in this life you have to take chances and defend yourself like you can" is as meaningful a morality as any he could have learned in Russia and brought with him to the United States. Sam Gold is a wanderer. And the Jew as wanderer is a cliché only because, like so many clichés, it has a substantial basis in history. Gold has taken the myth of the Jew as wanderer and molded it to his own purposes. While some of us search for superman, he has been content to write a novel which is decidedly uncontemporary and remarkably good.

According to the jacket copy, Bernard Kops's *The Dissent of Dominick Shapiro* "presents a vivid picture of Jewish family life and offers a salutary . . . comment on rebellion among the young." In short, Kops is touching all bases. His difficulty is that he is not quite sure of whether his real subject is Jewish life in London or adolescent rebellion. He cannot altogether get away from a sometimes staged "*Yiddishkeit* in Golders Green" atmosphere. But despite this occasional artificiality, this is a fine novel, one that readers will inevitably compare to Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. In his rebelliousness, his distrust of the adult world, even in his outraged sense of having been conned by those who cannot understand him, Dominick must be compared to Holden Caulfield. He is, however, far more a product of this generation. Dominick is a winner at the novel's end, while Holden speaks to us from the sanctuary of his famous asylum.

With a single notable exception—a magnificent comic explosion of a Jewish wedding in London which in itself is worth the price of the book—the scenes which directly concern themselves with the Jewishness of the characters fall victim to the author's desire to make of the Jew a contemporary comic outlaw. But when he is dealing with Dominick among his kind, those restless disaffiliates who seem to represent England itself at this moment in history, Kops is in superb control, and his novel is genuinely moving and thick with humor. When we watch Dominick's dissent in action, when we view him with a pack of beatniks, follow his first sexual experience, cheer for him as he hoists an anarchist flag on Big Ben to emerge an English celebrity, he is appealingly picaresque, certainly an adequate anti-hero for this anti-heroic age.

These three novels indicate that there is still a great deal of vitality in the Jewish confrontation with Anglo-Saxon society, sufficient to feed many more writers. But with this observation one suspects also that the Jew as rebel in fiction has outlived both his time and usefulness. One mythicizes at the price of possible falsity. And if the writer's background is frequently taken for his meaning, the sad truth is that he is too frequently willing to have it that way. It is, after all, much easier. It is also much more dangerous to the powers that the creative imagination must exert.

Adding Up the Double

MR. CLEMENS AND MR. TWAIN: A Biography. *By Justin Kaplan. Simon & Schuster. 424 pp. $7.95.*

JAY MARTIN

Mr. Martin, an associate professor of English and American Studies at Yale University, is the author of Harvests of Change: American Literature 1865-1914 *(Prentice-Hall) and* Conrad Aiken: A Life of His Art *(Princeton University Press). He is presently at work on a biography of Nathanael West.*

Mr. Clemens and Mr. Twain, published almost a year ago, has been accorded high commendation and wide recognition, culminating recently in the awarding of both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize to Justin Kaplan for his biography. Many reviewers of the book, however, have tended merely to nod pleasantly in Mr. Kaplan's direction, and then go on to write out their own versions of Mark Twain's "doubleness," his "dark side" or his literary "place," using as their evidence the vast array of material which Kaplan himself has gathered.

Such a preoccupation with the subject of the book rather than with the book itself seems to be a convention of reviewing at the present time. Perhaps in this case it suggests that the readers were encouraged to go on to Twain himself or to recall, absorbing some of Kaplan's enthusiasm, their own pleasures in reading Twain. But a book which a former editor of the Mark Twain papers has declared "is sure to remain for a long time the standard book" about Twain, one so subsequently distinguished, should be scrutinized on its own terms. If it will provide for this generation their portrait of Twain (as another historian has contended), what kind and how complete a portrait will that be?

Its particular accomplishments, everywhere apparent, are easy to enumerate. Eminent among these, of course, is the obvious command of document and detail which Kaplan shows. He has clearly gone through, minutely, a mountain of material far larger than that which Albert Bigelow Paine consulted; and although he has reduced his biography to less than half the length of Paine's, he is essentially more complete than Paine: certainly his book is more accurately balanced. And he is never, as Paine was constantly, swept away by the flood of materials at his disposal.

Moreover, in his presentation of detail he is witty, with a sharp feeling for light irony; he is accurate and precise ("To be in New York in 1867 was to be at the scrambling center of American life"); and he is inventive in style—as in his description of a Clemens family scene as if it were a sculptured "Rogers group." His book is not designed as a psychoanalytic biography, and while it is true (as one reviewer complained)

FIELD CRICKET

He's having a field day in my room
and I don't mind having him
make all these jumps and thrusts.
He accommodates, adjusts
himself better than a boy
in a candy factory.
Pocket companion, darkheaded
shadow of my boyhood.
He's practicing his pure form
among the fat corn
of my books, getting more mileage than
goatfooted cummings
or Williams and Stevens.
He sounds on his forewings
the within and without of things,
birthwater sharp
over this shape,
husk, peel, shell:
this terrible temple.
And I keep shedding my body
forever saying goodbye
to the departing boy.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

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that Kaplan has no coherent theory of analysis whereby to "explain" Twain's split or multiple personalities, he makes a virtue of this lack and shows admirable tact and restraint in his analysis of Twain's psyche. In particular he has some shrewd comments on Twain's ambivalence toward money, brilliantly calling the books which come from this obsession a "pornography of the dollar."

For his main theme, the split in the man indicated in the title, he has more, and more accurately presented, evidence than has ever been brought together, although critics since Twain's time have felt and discussed the divisions in him. Earlier, simple, discussions — like that of the Van Wyck Brooks-Bernard DeVoto debate — Kaplan simply passes by, in his more informed view, whereas many other critics ended here, stalled on their terms of debate. Kaplan's perception, his understanding of Twain's wit, his own clear style—in short, his absolute command of narrative—all commend his book.

Although Kaplan is so careful to be accurate about Twain, he is apt to fall into the clichés of thirty years ago (vintage Brooks-DeVoto) concerning others, particularly in his view of Bret Harte and William Dean Howells, who both play important parts. Harte, who was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1839, and did not go to California until 1854, is portrayed consistently by Kaplan as a Westerner, and he remarks on Harte's (in contrast to Twain's) confidence in Eastern society: he agrees, furthermore, with Twain's (and Brooks's) biased view of Harte's literary career, although Harte produced some of his best work in his late parodies. Howells, who had first written a biography of Lincoln in Columbus, O., then had been American consul in Venice, returned to a job on Godkin's *Nation* in New York, and later lived in New York for thirty years, he speaks of as having "a sure, unwavering vocation in Boston," and associates him with the Concord and Cambridge writers in the genteel tradition, though Howells had dared Twain to tell the "black truth" about himself in autobiography, and published far more black truth about American society than Twain. In the case of the comic writers and rivals of Twain in the period —P. V. Nasby and Josh Billings, for instance—Kaplan takes the view of them as buffoons (which he defends Twain against); he does not make clear that, like "Mark Twain," these are all assumed names, that the comic name was also the satirist's double, concealing name, and that, like Clemens, David Ross Locke (Nasby) was an accurate and vehement satirist of the corruption of his age. As here, so in the cases of such writers as Josiah Gilbert Holland, Samuel Bowles and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, he diminishes critics of Twain in order to raise Twain in the reader's estimation. It is curious that this group, which Kaplan generally scorns, should have played so important a role for so sharp an intelligence as Emily Dickinson: these three, precisely, were her intellectual "tutors."

Kaplan does not mention Emily Dickinson, and refers to Henry James only briefly; Henry Adams appears nowhere, nor do John DeForest, Rebecca Harding Davis, Stephen Crane, Sidney Lanier, Edward Eggleston, Edgar Watson Howe, Edward Bellamy or Edith Wharton. Only as people, not really as important contemporary writers, do Joel Chandler Harris, Walt Whitman, Sarah Orne Jewett and even Howells come into this book. For a work about a writer, there is strangely absent a sense that Twain was part of a community of writers—that others were, like him, concerned with the figure of the double (had not Melville treated this to exhaustion in *The Confidence Man*? Was not Adams' *Education* subtitled "A Study in Twentieth-Century Multiplicity"?), with the lost primitive past (Thoreau's and Eggleston's theme before Twain's), with utopian thought, with the genre of the travel book or of a novel dealing with the American continent (DeForest, not to mention Cooper, preceded Twain in both genres), with the theme of American Innocents in Europe (shared brilliantly by James), and so on. What did Twain read? Whom did he admire? What was his intellectual life? His sense of the art of the novel (the subject of a brilliant essay by Twain on Howells, here unmentioned)? There is a genuine piece of literary history relegated to a footnote, while the history of social, technical and political institutions fills many paragraphs, and identical quotations or information concerning Twain's view of H. H. Rogers, H. W. Beecher's opinion of his sister, Howells' comment on Twain's frequent dinners, and the size of the Twain estate in 1963 are repeated needlessly. Reacting, perhaps, against the focus of other books on the literary Twain, Kaplan deals chiefly with the Clemens-making Twain: but to the extent that he sacrifices Twain for Clemens he is both false to the balance implied in his title and to our reasons for caring at all about Mr. Clemens.

Nor does he really consider the importance of the connections or shifts between one book and another of Twain's; or that Twain's art has a development of its own which runs parallel to, but is not entirely a reflection of, the artist's life. Preoccupied with the life of the man, Kaplan misses the life of the art. It is not surprising, but it is dismaying, that he devotes many more pages to Twain's schemes for the Paige Typesetter than to *Huckleberry Finn*.

Both the accomplishments and defects of the book are aspects, I think, of the form in which Kaplan has chosen to tell his tale. Twain's "central drama," he tells us immediately, "was his discovery of the usable past." Kaplan, too, has discovered that the past, Twain's past, is usable, and part of the great drama of this book consists in his efforts to make it available to us. Not only apt parallels but direct allusions to the present—to Hal Holbrook, Earl K. Long and Billie Sol Estes, for instance—appear in the book as hints of this.

To make the past freely available, within the general chronology imposed by the exigencies of biography, he has

Michael Goldman, Poetry Editor, will be on leave until September 15. During that time no poetry will be considered for publication; we shall welcome submissions again in the early fall.

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developed a kind of meditative history in which, speculating about a life which is all known to him, there is no suspense, no real unfolding. He moves freely back and forth: anticipating events from present causes, tracing out the history of Twain's lifelong responses all at once, demonstrating how Twain's attitudes and satiric material were accumulating. Like Henry Adams, in his *History of the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison,* he wisely, but without distortion, watches his hero kicking and gesticulating on the flood of time, which will at last immerse him. And like Henry James, in biographies of Hawthorne and William Wetmore Story, he enters the life of that frail being with enormous sympathy and tenderness. He sees Twain sharply, but with great understanding, as he moves back and forth along the lines of force in his subject's career.

Such free shifting has its dangers, and for all his skill Kaplan does not entirely avoid them. The chief danger is that he will confuse one time with another. Describing Henry Ward Beecher's preaching style in 1867, he says that the minister "described himself as a 'cordial Christian Darwinist' "—a remark which Beecher could hardly have made for almost twenty years. Again, when Kaplan describes Twain's meeting with Lewis Carroll (another writer interested in the "double") in May, 1873, "the shyest full-grown man, except Uncle Remus, I ever met," he quotes Twain as saying, although Twain did not meet Joel Chandler Harris (Remus: another "double" figure) until 1882. Kaplan thus slides easily from time to time (and, in a book where the index is imperfect and documentation is very sketchy, he does not give accurate documentation for either of these quotations), occasionally falling into the trap of a method whose generally brilliant success is to that extent affected.

But these are minor skepticisms in the light of the book's successes. Twain's eccentricities are his own and not his author's. Kaplan's style is his own and not the result of stringing together his subject's cynical or witty remarks, a decided danger to which biographers of humorists often surrender. Kaplan is himself witty and wise, involved in responsiveness but detached in judgment. If his book does not give the full measure of justice to Twain's work, and should be supplemented by those of Walter Blair, Henry Nash Smith and James Cox, still, it provides a rich understanding of Twain's life that none of these can give. Taking them all together, with Kaplan's book undoubtedly serving as the base, they give us fully and elaborately Mr. Clemens and Mr. Twain.

Nation Book Marks

THE NAKED IMAGE: Observations on the Modern Theatre. *By Harold Clurman. The Macmillan Co. 312 pp. $6.50.*

The most recent collection of reviews and essays on the theatre by the drama critic of *The Nation.*

PLOT AGAINST THE PATIENT. *By Fred J. Cook. Prentice-Hall. 373 pp. $5.95.*

An account of the American medical establishment's lax standards, red tape, inadequate maintenance and staffing, insufficient funds and overcharges, by a master of the exposé technique, whose articles frequently appear in *The Nation.*

THE GLOSSY RATS. *By David Cort. Grosset & Dunlap. 241 pp. $5.*

A strongly opinionated man has his lively and literate say on a wide variety of topics. Many of the book's essays appeared in the pages of *The Nation.*

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION: Russia 1917-67. *By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 115 pp. $3.75.*

An assessment of half a century of Soviet history questioning whether the Russian Revolution has fulfilled its hopes, and what its significance is for our age and generation. Of special interest is the material dealing with the divergent and clashing interests of Russia and China.

STALIN: A Political Biography. *By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 661 pp. $12.50. Paper $2.95.*

A new edition of what is considered the definitive life of Stalin, first published in 1949. Fresh material includes an introduction to the 1961 printing, plus a new preface, and an extensive closing chapter dealing with Stalin's last years. Mr. Deutscher is a frequent contributor to *The Nation.*

CONTAINMENT AND CHANGE. *By Carl Oglesby and Richard Shaull. The Macmillan Co. 248 pp. $5.95.*

Not a collaboration, but a confrontation of two men of differing backgrounds and points of view about American society and foreign policy in an era of revolutionary change. Part One, by Carl Oglesby, is "Vietnam Crucible," and Part Two, by Richard Shaull, is entitled "Revolution: Heritage and Contemporary Option." Mr. Oglesby's report on the International War Crimes Tribunal appeared in *The Nation* recently.

THE ACCIDENTAL PRESIDENT. *By Robert G. Sherrill. Grossman Publishers. 282 pp. $5.*

In part a personal portrait of the man Sherrill refers to as a "fascinatingly rousing bastard," this work also cuts neatly through the myth of LBJ as master legislator and liberal New Dealer. The factual material on Johnson's early career in Texas is particularly interesting. Mr. Sherrill is *The Nation*'s Washington correspondent.

ANATOMY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT. *By Smith Simpson. Houghton Mifflin Co. 285 pp. $5.95.*

A lucid history of a "hodge-podge pseudo organization." A section of this work appeared in *The Nation.*

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: The Last Laocoön. *By Robert Sklar. Oxford University Press. 376 pp. $8.50.*

A study of the work of Fitzgerald from his early collegiate fiction through *The Last Tycoon,* and a fascinating account of the literary world of the twenties and thirties as seen through Fitzgerald's life and work. Mr. Sklar has written a number of essays for *The Nation.*

THE GOODBYE LAND. *By Jose Yglesias. Pantheon Books. 218 pp. $4.95.*

An American's search to recover the story of his father's life and death in Spain, by a frequent contributor to *The Nation.*

VIETNAM: THE LOGIC OF WITHDRAWAL. *By Howard Zinn. Beacon Press. 131 pp. $4.95.*

The best statement of the case for American withdrawal that has yet appeared. A section of this work appeared in *The Nation.*

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ART / Max Kozloff

The tradition of modern visual art, if one wanted to hazard a generalization, might be split into two broadly opposing camps: the tendency to conserve the "purity" of its various media, and the impulse to mix their properties, and blur their boundaries. As a statement, this is wobbly enough, but it is temporarily useful. For it focuses attention on a long-standing controversy: the desire to fend off "life" in an effort to create a self-contained aesthetic entity, relationally compressing metaphors of outside energies—which is resisted by the equally strong will to diffuse, tweak and bluff response by a more activist, unstructured notion of art, incorporating real objects, and often seeking ironically to change the status of the non-art surroundings. In this metaphysical argument, the issue of abstraction versus representation is secondary, or irrelevant. Though both sensibilities (whose common origin is Cubism) are elitist, they conflict in a struggle between reduction and extension, optimism and pessimism, faith in rationality, and formal manipulation opposed to skepticism about the effectiveness of form itself. A protagonist of the first camp will view a work of the second as "theatrical"; his own efforts, in turn, will be considered "cosmetic." Yet while they radically differ as to the negotiability of conventions and moral accent (e.g., the permissible limits of what can be done), both these antitheses are irreplaceable constituents of the *avant-garde*, lending it its characteristic tautness and vitality.

Because contemporary criticism has not yet satisfactorily transcended a formalist position, the appearance of two books by practitioners of mixed media, both extraordinary minds, is welcome. The formulations in Claes Oldenburg's *Store Days* and Allan Kaprow's *Assemblage, Environments, Happenings* are, above all, vivid. They seem to me, in addition, far-reaching and profound. Being artists, these men tend to be partisan and self-interested; but it redeems their texts that they are also exceptionally self-critical.

Despite the undiscipline of his notes, Oldenburg is perhaps the more literary of the two; he is certainly the more poetic. "I am for the art of conversation between the sidewalk and a blind man's metal stick. . . ." "I am for an art that is political-erotical-mystical, that does something other than sit on its ass in a museum." In comparison, one finds in Kaprow: ". . . A cough from the alley. You giggle, talk to someone nonchalantly while eating strawberry jam sandwiches. . . . Electric fans start wafting breezes of 'New Car' smell past your nose as leaves bury heaps of a whining, burping, foul, pinky mess." These utterances have their correlation in William Burroughs' reader-bugging language, his ecstatic loathing, that has its own analogies in Miller and Mailer, and that finds expression also in Edward Kienholz's gruesome environments. It is important to locate this disgust filled with enjoyment, this aesthetic diarrhea, not only because it is an authentic reaction to the American scene but because, in blending fundamentally opposed effects, it can attempt to comprehend a long unrealized synesthesia in the arts.

> STORE DAYS: Documents from The Store (1961) and Ray Gun Theater (1962). *Selected by Claes Oldenburg and Emmett Williams. Something Else Press. 152 pp. $10.*
>
> ASSEMBLAGE, ENVIRONMENTS, HAPPENINGS. *Text and design by Allan Kaprow. Harry N. Abrams. 341 pp. $25.*

Not that Oldenburg's Store, a Second Street establishment, rented at Christmas, 1961, and filled with plaster edibles and products of his own viscous imagining, was greatly synesthetic. The present book comprises a kind of desultory sales pitch to his own consciousness, on the implications of this project. Initially, one finds Oldenburg forcing himself to "think" outside bourgeois values:

> Perhaps this can't be done, but why should I even want to create "art"—that's the notion I can't get rid of. Assuming that I wanted to create something, what would that something be? Just a thing, an object. Art would not enter into it. I make a charged object ("living"). An "artistic" appearance or content is derived from the object's reference, not from the object itself or me. These things are displayed in galleries, but that is not the place for them. A store would be better. . . . Museum in b(ourgeois) concept equals store in mine.

After all, the last thing a bourgeois public would consider an artist to be is a storekeeper.

It is interesting that Kaprow, too, rejects the gallery or museum, even any cubicle, for a display for works of art —but on the ground that these places too rigidly condition the spatial extensions he envisages. Whereas Oldenburg can say: "My life is a history of rooms in which I am self-locked in. My life is also a history of frantic 'escapes' which come to nothing, back to a room. . . . I have had something like affairs with rooms." For him, meanings saturate everything, and what is to be done, as a result, is to invert them, turn them inside out ("Store—Eros"). For Kaprow, the artist must accept whatever the nature of his improbable materials, his new subject matter, functionally making sure that they have not been cliché-ridden by previous usage. These differences of approach—the one instinctively social and Dada, the other, faithful in its logic, even to anarchy—yet seem mutually informed by an unacknowledged presentiment of nothingness, as if experience were so ungraspable that a deluge of sensations must be substituted for it. Whether emotional or pragmatic, whether zealous for an audience or indifferent to one, the experience of these two men is that the greater their intimacy with the literal stuff of actuality, the deeper are they infected by a sense of unreality. Since habitual behavior and fixed categories choke that sense of life being lived in which they want almost to immolate themselves, they mount an attack, in an ever maddened, often self-defeating whirl, against the real enemy: the capacity of the human mind to make distinctions. The Store was already a

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fusion of sculpture, objects and painting; a parallel step was to push off into theatre.

The great paradox of those sections in *Store Days* which have to do with Oldenburg's happenings, is that a radically sophisticated and problematic concept of theatre was generated by an outstanding naïveté. "Theater," he says, "is the most powerful art form there is because it is most involving . . . but it is forever becoming lost in trivialities . . . realism . . . distance . . . commercial pressures. . . . I no longer see the distinction between theater and visual arts very clearly . . . distinctions I suppose are a civilized disease." And indeed, there is something savage and childlike about him, such that he is able to conceive of a theatre of objects, in which even people are regarded as things. But this becomes a form of imitation, contaminated by an overwhelming animism: "my desire to imitate extends to the event or activity of making the thing I imitate. In one instance that is to be for a moment a sign-painter, in another, for a moment, a baker of cakes, in another the cutter of suits. . . . In some cases especially, but really in all, it is necessary to be for a moment nature herself, if this is possible." But, of course, it is not, for which reason his theatre, in fact all his work, melds extreme artifice and extreme spontaneity. The middle range of experience is dropped out, or rather, it emerges only as the nominal heading for a series of elaborate charades. To pretend not to know the difference between making and representing, this pretension, once enacted, brings crashing down the whole dramatic structure of plot, character and sequence, as it is known in Western theatre.

According to the prime exegete of Happenings, Michael Kirby, such an attitude has extraordinary repercussions on the traditional concept of acting and performance. "Acting," writes Kirby, "might be defined as the creation of character and/or place: details of 'who' and 'where' the performer is are necessary to the performance. The actor functions within subjective or objective person-place matrices." Oldenburg's personages, on the other hand, are *nonmatrixed* (like musicians). They are what they are, even when "performing"; their situations are real situations—literalist. Obviously, this literalism does much to destroy the conventional notion of "role"; it also works forcefully to collapse the contextual meaning of events, making them infinitely more ambiguous than in the normal theatre.

As often happens in hybrids, however, one finds the introduction of ingredients antithetic to the various media involved, with a consequent threat to resolution. Something of the kind goes far to explain the general failure of the "Nine Evenings of Art and Technology" last year at a New York armory. If the spectator is oriented toward the visual arts, he tends to "look" and to wander in his looking, structuring his experience as he goes along. If he is primarily theatre-based, he will be more inclined to "watch," and to be concentrated and obedient in his watching. The events I mention vacillated between instilling the condition of the one, only to trip it up by demands implied by the tradition of the other. This is not an accusation premised on an idea of media purity but, rather, awareness of the fact that the temporal and attention claims of two arts, when flushed outward, can awkwardly back into each other. If this means, perhaps, that the new contexts have not had sufficient time to jell coherently, it follows, also, and absurdly, that the piece must flee any thought of contexts, at least in the sense that they may bind it in.

Such, at any rate, is a major theme of Allan Kaprow's book. Its short text commences only on page 146, behind a great clump of photographs of happenings, and after it has been explained that the photos refer to their models, "but strangely, as would a movie taken of a dream, stopped at unexpected intervals." The text itself has been subject to constant revisions, since first undertaken in 1959 (in explanation of his own activities), stopping only now, rather grandly, and in a form so permanent as to be untypical of the author. For this genealogist of changing spaces and formats, who briefly sketches their history in visual art, a book must have been a sorry compromise, whose advantage consisted only in its didacticism. The latter appears in his explorations of what can be deduced, or made meaningfully hypothetical, from the pictorial directions involved in "relinquishing the goal of picture making entirely by accepting the possibilities that lay in using a broken surface and a non-geometric field." That is why Kaprow can imagine the duration of an "event" as being theoretically without limit—occurring over years or lifetimes (and discontinuously within them), and it is the cause, too, of his suggestion that an artistic action can be performed intercontinentally, infra-privately or, for that matter, in thought alone. Because of this immense and astonishing idea that the dimension of a "work of art" can be so elastic or omnipresent (viz., Early Bird television satellite), Kaprow parts ways with the Dada manifestations that otherwise would have been his normal point of departure. Neither politically motivated nor philosophically alienated, as they were, he conjures scenarios (by what means we shall see in a moment), quite in advance of seeing in them any intelligible program of content. That he is able to read this development out of the history of modern art does not prevent him from being, perhaps unwittingly, hostile to its overall tenets.

This eminently logical, articulate and practical man does not hesitate to call into question principles which have long safeguarded the informational and communicative basis of art. Thus, the notion that a work of art is created by one man (or is overseered by him), that he is in willful control of what he does, his craftsmanly execution commensurate with his intention, that his work is meant to be embodied in permanent form, are conditions which Kaprow considers dispensable. He was willing to sacrifice all these as it "became necessary as means were sought to adequately embody those subtle and spontaneous feelings and re-

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sponses that were the living expression of *change*." (Italics mine.) It might be said that change has always been a prominent theme of art, but here there is no inhibition against thinking of it as actual. Suggesting a "form-principle for an art which is never finished"—"something to be renewed in different forms like fine cooking or the seasonal changes, which we do not put into our pockets, but need, nevertheless"—Kaprow's perspective is far superior to the merely topical references of a throw-away technological culture. Nature, the weather, above all, other people, may alter or reapportion the artist's materials as he himself has been willing to see fit, or to take in as a bonus surprise. "Using an extreme logic," he says, "this could imply that anything may be art and anyone may be an artist, but in plain fact it only extends the right of sensitive perception and creative activity to those who wish to respond appropriately, and artists usually proffer this invitation with discretion."

But if chance, in many cases, is too uncooperative or indeterminate an action, Kaprow, going further, says: "Chance bypasses failure by building non-control into the work as a desideratum." Abandoning order on a manipulatively conscious level, the idea has been to substitute for it a completely arbitrary and external kind of order. With all the dice throwing and number gambling that Kaprow argues for, following John Cage, under whom he once studied, I am out of sympathy. What can be stated most positively in its defense, that it brings with it something previously unknown at its every turn, is outweighed by its extreme deficiencies in effectiveness, and something more, I think—its philosophical facetiousness. How can one pretend to shed responsibility for an occurrence, by programing it on a system to which one is completely indifferent? (Further, if one chance system is favored because it tends to produce more interesting results, then it is not so chancy.) Even more, if one alternative, theoretically speaking, is just as good as another, then what you are doing ceases to have any evaluational density, any moral charge, and undermines the point (the claim that it is "our need for discovery or risk") of doing it in the first place. In addition, the deliberately nonorganic quality in the relationship between cause of action and the nature of material, creates far more difficulties of comprehension than it elicits scenes of wonder. I may be willing to undergo the trials of an extremely antagonistic, disrespectful artistic vision if it is made evident to me that there are eventually substances or sensations upon which I can work; but in this aesthetic, substance can just as easily evaporate as it may randomly and evanescently fall into some satisfying pattern. At such a moment, I am not prepared to be fulfilled merely by the "spirit" of accident. The literalness of the objects or events does not compensate for the intangibility of the art. But then, literalness is inimical to the allusiveness and metaphor by which synesthesia has always been constrained to operate in the past. To overstep them is only to court the documenary or the trivial.

Still and all, it is hard to be ungrateful to Kaprow's rigor, or to be unadmiring even, or especially when, he himself is aware of the distance he has traveled toward impasse and impossibility. Without the sense of this impasse, and the pressures he and many others put upon them, our options would be far fewer, and the dialogue in our aesthetic life considerably less rich.

THEATRE IN EUROPE II

HAROLD CLURMAN

London-Paris

One of the unmistakable successes of the London season is *The Promise* by Alexei Arbuzov, a prominent Soviet dramatist. The play was first presented in Oxford. Having been cordially greeted by the press, it was brought to the small Fortune Theatre in the capital where it has been playing to packed houses since its opening last winter.

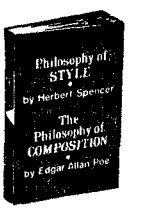
The success is something of a phenomenon, for Arbuzov has written a slight, sentimental play of young folk in the midst of the siege of Leningrad, of friendship born from shared hardship, of true love, of self-abnegation, of the stirring of conscience to renewed and ever finer effort. There is something dubious about every one of the play's moves; nothing is wholly convincing. Yet it is a popular and critical hit.

While it is true that geniality is always a favored ingredient in show business, there are two aspects (besides a pleasing cast) that explain the play's appeal to its London audience. It is both serious and affirmative. The more highly regarded of the new plays London has been seeing for the past ten years have been bitter, and made even more acrid by their humorous garb. They have jeered at existence. In typical Soviet fashion, *The Promise* is bracing. One senses a kind of benevolent collusion between playwright and public. The English audience, sufficiently depressed by both fact and fiction, wants bolstering. The play provides a "lift."

Then too the play gives evidence of self-criticism; it is critical of the trend of Soviet life. That strikes the English as a sign of progress in the Socialist state with which the English people, more than we, hanker for an *entente*.

Through its thin garment of humble heroics, comradely good nature and manly resolve, the play suggests that the mood of idealistic struggle of the war days has since given way to a rather slothful acceptance of petty bourgeois mediocrity. In *The Promise* Arbuzov mildly urges the Soviet folk to recover the hardy aspiration of the period in which their nation's very existence was threatened. This may to an extent apply to England itself.

The acting is nice and very English. Pretty, robust and charming, Judi Dench (the Juliet of Zefferelli's *Romeo and*



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MESSAGE TO MICHAEL

I wish to say
that a mouth
lies other
where than
where it is
North — West —
South of me somewhere

It is invisible
and unattainable

I talk with it always .

PAUL BLACKBURN

Juliet at the Old Vic) is particularly good in the third act in which the bedraggled waif of the first act has become a dignified doctor and wife. In the earlier scenes Miss Dench forces her youthfully eager impetus too much.

Still I could not help noticing that the more heartily Russian the male actors try to be the more British "boy scout" and slightly camp they seem to become. I make this perhaps ungracious comment because it is reported that while Miss Dench will not be present when the play comes to Broadway, the two men are to be. Since the question of English actors on our stage has recently become a matter of some controversy, I feel obliged to assert that if ever English actors were *not* needed for the proper presentation of a play among us, *The Promise* is a case in point.

Paris has its three subsidized (national) theatres: the venerable Comédie Française, the more adventurous Théâtre de France (Jean Louis Barrault's company) and the Théâtre National Populaire now under the guidance of an excellent actor, Georges Wilson. In these theatres (and during the spring months), with the festival visits of foreign troupes which are collectively advertised as the Théâtre des Nations, worthy productions of interesting plays may be enjoyed.

At the Comédie Française, to cite one instance, a new production of Molière's *Dom Juan* has aroused considerable interest: applause from the progressive forces, condemnation from the traditionalists. Both factions seem to me misguided but the play itself merits consideration.

It is much less frequently given than any of Molière's other plays because it isn't, and is hardly intended to be, particularly funny. It verges on anger. While Molière is passionately on the side of the angels, the play in its time, and to some degree even today, affronts both the respectable (conservative) members of society and the cynics. For Dom Juan's lack of hypocrisy, his witty defense of profligacy and his even bolder defiance of moral and religious strictures are stated with such splendid candor that he engages our sympathy.

It is perhaps significant that Molière makes Sgnarelle—an intimidated valet, almost a "slave"—the spokesman for virtue. When he asks his master what he believes in, Dom Juan replies: "I believe that two and two make four and four and four are eight," to which the bondsman retorts, "Your religion, I see, is arithmetic." The rejoinder has a peculiarly contemporary ring.

The Molière revival has been staged by a director associated with the more forward looking wing of the Parisian profession. But the French theatrical *avant-garde* is hardly the counterpart of that in Eastern Europe. In this respect, *Dom Juan* is an example of the slow pace and feeble accomplishment of the stage in Paris today.

The settings for *Dom Juan,* prettified "Noguchi" without that artist's originality, are bronzed abstract shapes. A warm amber light plays on them, adding a glamour that negates the severity I assume their menacing contours are intended to convey. The costumes worn by the principal characters resemble blue patent leather space suits. One wonders how they are related to the text—except as they differ from the routine dress we are accustomed to see at the Comédie Française. Is it possible that the director wishes to imply that space men are the aristocrats of our time?

The staging too attempts to strike a "modern" note by having several scenes played in semi-obscurity with the actors placed at a considerable distance upstage, their backs turned to the audience. Though proficient, the acting reveals nothing new, relying as it does on well-articulated and energetic speech in the best conservatory manner.

Apart from the vogue of Pinter, Osborne and Albee, the will to bring a draft of fresh air onto the now languishing French stage is observed in the carefully designed nonrealistic settings employed in such productions as those of Arrabal's *The Architect and the Emperor* and Pirandello's *To Find Oneself.*

Arrabal, a Spaniard by the Seine, is thought to be sounding a chord of his own: ritualistic, improvisatory, lyrically vehement, anarchic, grotesquely and violently comic. But I found little in *The Architect and the Emperor,* a symbolic two-character play, which does not derive from every one of the theatrical *fauves* or "wild men" from Jarry to Genet. The high point of Arrabal's play is a scene in which the Architect (the Common Man lost on a mythical planet) chops the Emperor (ruler of Civilization) to bits—and eats him. For all its gestures of total freedom and ferocious playfulness, I see in the play merely another specimen of the up-to-the-minute trite.

The setting in straw is a good-looking but dramatically irrelevant object, while the acting is strenuous with a fire that sheds neither heat nor light. For all that, the play is one of the season's hits.

Pirandello's *To Find Oneself* is a largely discursive rehash of the dramatist's everlasting theme that we have no stable identity—the illustration in this case is effected in the person of a star actress—and that to find oneself one must create a superself through art.

The play merits attention not so much because of its author's eminence as because it is the most meticulously mounted production in Paris. The costumes are stylishly handsome, the sets have a kind of metallic and silky Cecil Beaton chic, and the performance as a whole is rather special.

The acting, with only one ranting exception, avoids "emotion" and is deliberately reduced to a flat declarative statement the director mistakenly takes for either Stanislavsky simplicity or Brecht calm. As a contrast to most Parisian acting, the result is something of an innovation, though it so happens that Pirandello requires Italian flame and flare rather than dispassionate sobriety. Yet with an expert company in which Delphine Seyrig (the lady of *Last Year in Marienbad*), beautifully gowned, speaks in a white voice of muted resonance through a mask of suppressed fervor suggesting mystery, the evening makes an uncommon though ultimately boring impression.

Another and far more modest play which has been gratefully welcomed is Romain Weingarten's *Summer* at the Théâtre de Poche, seating about 150 persons. It is a wispy little thing in which the characters are two cats (I'm not using slang) and two children, a brother and sister. It is whimsy, tender and touching to a degree. It evokes the poetry of young people's loneliness, awakening desire, growth and the secret germination of nature. Like many such things, the play is prolonged beyond the point of pleasure: brevity is the soul of whimsy.

Neither London with its numerous actors of genuine ability nor Paris with its remainders of former brilliance reveals the kind of theatre excitement one finds in Prague and Berlin. Events in these cities will be discussed in the next two "installments" of this account.

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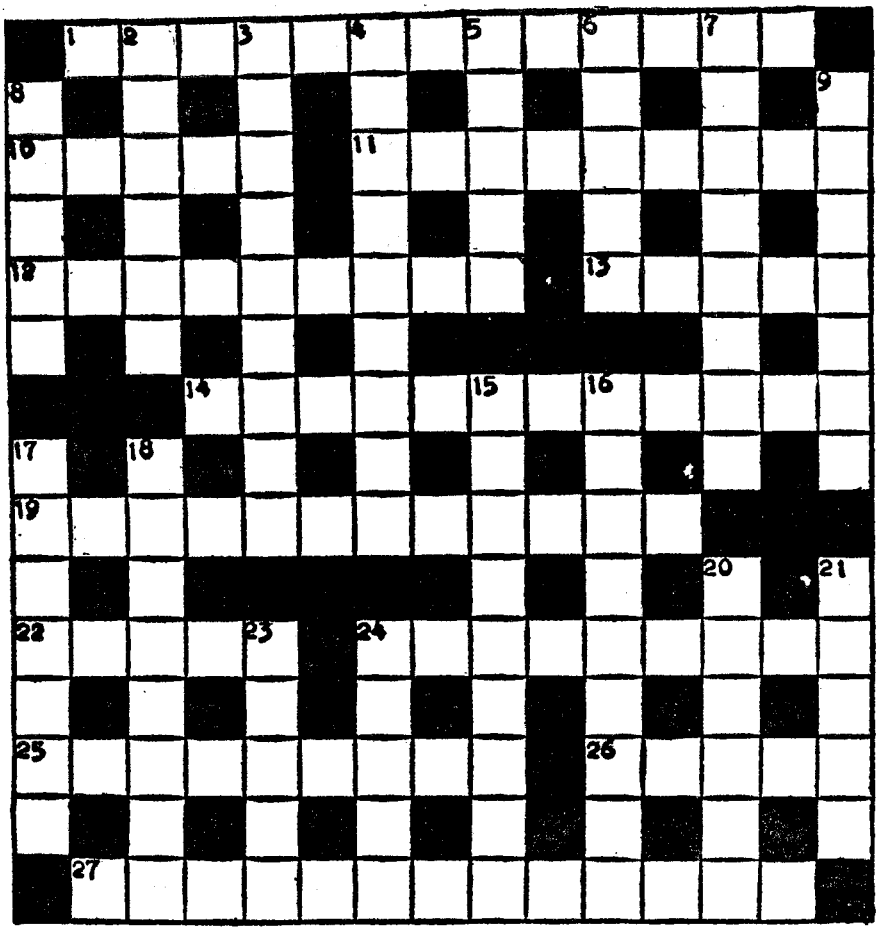
Crossword Puzzle No. 1208

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What business firms establish might be above the article or under the picture. (5, 2, 6)
10 Literary Greek-American painter. (5)
11 Are some papers that give a negative rendering a little touchy? (9)
12 One might find this lady in far removed environment—pleasantly out of this world. (9)
13 Yet it might make the spirit strong! (5)
14 Vessels had to get it clean, but that's the price of socialized medicine! (4, 2, 6)
19 Not a little ways out of the area, if so-called. (4, 8)
22 Grown out of shape, like some of the numbers we get. (5)
24 Backing up motion? (9)
25 Not in dire trouble? That's a matter of interpretation! (9)
26 Start, or bring it back to service. (5)
27 What might be worth two points with some competitions for light duty? (6, 7)

DOWN:

2 Stress the example being "Come live with me and be my love!" (6)
3 Certainly not late breakfasting associated with one that might bring us the world news. (5, 4)
4 Proving even the best coal's likely to present difficulties. (9)
5 Were those who couldn't learn the dance pattern? (5)
6 One is advised to look for them in the theater, made occasionally by actors. (5)
7 Indicates the documents are entirely all right, and the beginnings capital! (8)
8 Change one's working hours? (5)
9 Well, it's between physician and self, as an admonition! (7)
15 German district, or where the Old Man of the Mountain may be seen. (9)
16 Deviating. (9)
17 Wells, when productive, might refer to those in bed. (7)
18 Does it make the rest difficult to come by? (8)
20 One or two, for example, commonly conclude. (6)
21 Urged to be like unpopular speakers might be. (5)
23 One who points the way is held up and wired for sound. (5)
24 Invertebrates shouldn't be, but there's an outside chance that they are. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1207

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